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A BEGINNER'S BOOK OF YOGA

From the Writings of
L. ADAMS BECK

Edited and with a Foreword by
DAVID MERRILL BRAMBLE

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Gift from Mrs. Eva Curry 4-23-58

FOREWORD

BESIDE me, as I begin this foreword, is a copy of the *Illustrated Daily News* (London), within the pages of which appear a number of extraordinary photographs of levitation taken by P. T. Plunkett, an English merchant. For many years tourists have been entertained and mystified by Yogi "tricks," such as levitation; have said, "It's a fake"—and have generally been right. But Plunkett's photographs are not fakes and neither are the so-called tricks.

His photographs have helped in differentiating between faker and fakir. Unfortunately, however, even these valuable and accurate photographs give a false impression of the true purpose of Yoga. The "miracles" or "tricks" are not determinants of an ultimate goal, but merely manifestations of philosophic progress. To regard the person who lies upon a bed of spikes as the spiritual representative of Yoga philosophy would be quite as ridiculous as to accept Christ solely for his reputed ability to walk upon the water.

To study Yoga is to study not a religion but a philosophy. To explain Yoga in all its ramifications would be a task involving many volumes, and a task of which only a few people in the world would be capable. I, as an interested but relatively uninstructed layman, can offer nothing more in this book than a collection of Mrs. Beck's writings, which I know are good and which I can only hope are intelligently selected.

Early in 1933 I suggested to John Farrar and Stanley M. Rinehart, Mrs. Beck's publishers, that a book on Hatha Yoga might find wide favor. Both were agreed. But then arose the problem of authorship. Who could draw the line between faker and fakir? Who could speak without fear of contradiction? Who could speak tolerantly, sweetly and yet with authority? That the answer to these questions lay in Mrs. Beck's writings we did not then realize, but as adviser after adviser suggested her name we realized that in her own work, carefully selected, lay the answers to the book I had proposed. The editing of this book is open to criticism. Mrs. Beck's

writings, I believe, can only be regarded as authoritative.

For the person who is learning of Yoga for the first time a brief history and "dictionary" may be of value.

The system of Yoga philosophy is said to have been founded at an uncertain date by Patanjali who defined Yoga as "restraining the mind-stuff (*chitta*) from taking various forms (*vruttis*)."

There can be no higher goal than the union of the soul with the Supreme Lord. To accomplish such a union it is necessary for the student to pass through eight stages:

1. Self-control (*yama*)
2. Religious observance (*niyama*)
3. Postures (*asana*)
4. Regulations of the breath (*pranayama*)
5. Restraint of the senses (*pratyahara*)
6. Steadying the mind (*dharana*)
7. Meditation (*dhyana*)
8. Profound contemplation (*samadhi*).

The Yoga philosopher believes that the last three stages—the perfection stages—are seldom reached in one life. The ultimate goal of liberation is reached only through the completeness, or *dhyana*; the liberation of matter from the spirit, *kaivolya* (Raja Yoga), the supreme attainment, following upon practical, or Hatha Yoga.

This book, I know, is not a complete or definitive treatise on Yoga. It is my hope, however, that it may accomplish two things: a selection of Mrs. Beck's best writings in the field of Yoga and a defense against the "crazy cult" idea which has entered many uninstructed minds. I am indebted to Edwin J. Dingle, F.R.G.S., for his suggestions and friendly criticisms in the editing of this book.

D. M. B.

Hollywood, California
September 24, 1936

THE MIRROR OF THE PASSING SHOW

From "The Way of Power"

THE first section of this volume is an introduction rather than a definition. It offers vivid evidence of the early manifestations which led the author on a lifelong search for Truth and Knowledge in the field of occult philosophies.

. . . behind the well-polished mirror into which we all look for our impressions of the world was a dark hinterland where very strange forces played or worked on lines of their own . . .

THE WORLD is a great mirror. A man sees himself in it as the foremost figure and around him the persons and things which make his surroundings. The Japanese have called it the Mirror of the Passing Show—an uncommonly good name. Seeing it with our eyes we take this reflection for reality and are quite content to believe our senses and go comfortably or uncomfortably on our way. Very few people know what blind feelers the five senses are—feeble, faulty, mistaken, and yet (until we know better) our only means of approach to anything outside the prison of ourselves. We pity a blind, deaf, dumb man, but are much in the same case ourselves. It is only a question of degree, and the microscope, telephone, and so forth carry us a few steps farther into the dark. They are simply extensions. That is what makes the occult world so amazingly interesting.

We see, no longer blinded by our eyes,
And hear, no longer deafened by our ears—

which is distinctly good business in such a fascinating universe.

Like others I lived in perfect satisfaction with the gay ordinary reflections in the Looking-Glass World until the first doubt overtook me in childhood. My mother, who had trained me to be perfectly fearless in matters of the imagination, told me a strange experience which had befallen her and her sisters and it set me thinking.

Her father owned many ships. A little dance was to be given, and she and her sister were practicing some dance music two evenings before, with a third sister to turn the leaves—three happy girls. The drawing room was a very large one with dividing folding doors thrown back. As they played, the standing sister suddenly caught my mother's hands and the tune crashed in discord. Leaning round the folding door was a man roughly dressed in a thick short coat. He called out authoritatively "Stop the music," and, as they thought, drew back behind the folding doors and was gone. I should explain that only two of the three saw. One saw nothing, which is curious but not unusual in such cases. Two saw and heard. My mother said that no thought of what is called the supernatural struck

them, but they were frightened because a strange sudden man in the house when it is shut up for the night is not altogether a pleasant visitation. Still, it might have been someone to see their father on business. The three rushed into the dining room with their tale and behold their father was dozing in his armchair at the head of the empty table after dinner, his glass of punch beside him. When the house was searched and nothing found they could not explain the man though they could not dismiss him from their minds; and the dance arrangements went on until next evening. Then, as again they were rattling off their music, came interruption. My grandfather put his head round the folding doors exactly as the stranger had done. . . . "Stop the music," he said. "One of the ships has gone down with all hands. There can be no dance tomorrow." The man they had seen sounded, he thought, very like the captain of the lost ship. They could get no nearer to a clue but the thing was as certain to the two from whom I heard it as the sight of each other.

Now, when one hears a personal experience

like this from people one knows do not lie, it is either dismissed as hallucination or makes an impression coloring all opinion. I turned it over and over in a very young mind and accepted it as what people called "a ghost," but that did not last. A ghost is only a symptom. Why did ghosts come to some people and not to others? And, if they came at all, from where and for what purpose? Was their country far or near? I had no fear, but deep curiosity, and from that moment knew that the shining surface of the mirror of the world may be jarred by quite other reflections than those one reckons on. But the question in my mind was, *Where do they come from?* Is there another world besides this which is their domain? Even then, I did not think this covered all the ground.

My next experience, a personal one, was startling. My grandmother was strongly clairvoyant. Though I did not even know the word then, I knew that when she dreamed a thing it had an odd way of coming true; and always in the disagreeable things no one likes to face. In particular, she had an ominous recurrent dream which was followed by the Unpleasant as surely

as a dog follows his master. I hated that dream, but set it down to some crank in grandmothers from which young people had nothing to fear. It coincided more or less. That was all, but it had a kind of interest difficult to escape.

I was very young and in the rather conceitedly skeptical stage of that youth of whom the great Master of Trinity, Cambridge, remarked, "We are none of us infallible; not even the youngest of us." However, one morning she came down to breakfast with a very grave face and began at once.

"A very curious thing happened last night. No, not a dream. I was awake, and I saw in my room a tall man in a turban and a sort of robe. He knocked three times on the wall. I saw him do it, and somehow I knew it meant the three-syllabled name of a place and that some terrible misfortune had happened there. Mark my words, we shall hear something from Bermuda."

A very near relation was holding a high position there at the time and for a moment I was startled, but youth is always a little overclever and I said arrogantly, "As nobody in Bermuda

wears a turban *that* doesn't seem likely!" and went my way in peace.

She said no more; and letters came from Bermuda and all was well and I triumphed. But we had not done with the gods. At the earliest possible moment news came that her nephew, a young officer in the army, loved by her as a son, had been stabbed to death in the bazaar at Kandahar by an Indian lunatic. The man, who had apparently never seen him before, came up behind and drove a knife deep down between his shoulders and so an end.

Then indeed I began to think, for I had known my cousin well; he was a real person to me and here was a thing done before my eyes. How had this strange message fled overseas from India (for the time matched)? Why had it not come to his mother? Why had my grandmother misread it? Why, when my cousin had been promoted and we all were glad, had that news come in a slow letter? Why had the murderer, for it seemed it must be he, announced it to a woman he had never heard of? Then there must be some natural affinity with misfortune in this mysterious kind of intelligence!

And had God or the Devil anything to do with it? And what good did it do?

Youth can think when it chooses, and no answer given by the elders to the questions I propounded met the facts to my satisfaction. They didn't know. They retired on "coincidence," but I reflected that a world where such coincidences happen would really be such a miracle in itself that it only brought the difficulty a step nearer. And again when, not long after, another case happened which I could verify—the mother of a sailor hearing his voice crying for help, and finding that that night his boat had been overturned on the way to his ship and his life all but lost—it was clear to me that behind the well-polished mirror into which we all look for our impressions of the world was a dark hinterland where very strange forces played or worked on lines of their own, having no relation at all to anything we know and yet with a queer wireless which they used with people whose aerials were ready to tune in. How and why? But I called it the private telegraph wire, for wireless had not yet been reflected on the Mirror of the Passing Show—the world we lived in.

THE MAN WHO SAW

From "The Openers of the Gate"

THIS tale is one of the loveliest pieces of writing to be found in any of the author's books. It is the mature expression of Faith.

All we do is to inhibit the everyday mind and set the higher consciousness free.

IT IS the truth that if you would know a country you must know something of her religion and of her literature; for the first is her soul and the second her mind, and if you know something of these two and know them sympathetically you will not be far from that inner spirit which is a compound of both and makes the nation a living entity. Knowledge is the other name for sympathy. I have never been in any country of which I did not know something—however little—of both. It has been well worth while.

Camping up the Himalayas some years ago, when I knew less than I do now of psychic study, I had reason to realize this, and the chief delight of a glorious time was that to my tents hidden in the mighty pine forests came everyone who had a story to tell or some bit of ancient wisdom to divulge. Sitting outside the tents or in the little matting hut which the men ran up as easily as a bird building its nest, they came to have a cut doctored or an ailment cured by the potent medicines of the sahib-people, and because they knew it would be valued the

payment would be something unforgettable—some flash of beauty, wisdom or wonder that has irradiated life, or, if it were not that, the momentary union with their own strange natures, so alien in ways that matter little, so human and near in those that matter eternally.

But through a man of my own people I was to receive what at that time might truly be called the Greater Illumination, and when I think of the snowy peaks storming heaven, and the vast loveliness of the world outspread beneath them, I think of my friend of a week and rejoice.

His small camp of two tents caused me some regret when it sprang up as unexpectedly as mushrooms,

Where the whispering pine-trees murmur the secret they sigh to tell,

—for the solitudes of those vast mountains and valleys set one free to mighty contemplations and enfranchisements and one does not welcome unsympathetic intrusion. Little did I know that it was to be a landmark in my life—the passage of a soul so stored with instinctive

knowledge and strange experiences that I mark the day I met him with a white stone of remembrance and gratitude.

Camps are almost always friendly and he came across at once to ask if I had anything helpful for a bad cut on his right arm. It was clear that he could not attend to it properly, and as that little service often falls in one's way in the wilds I had everything ready, and it led to unusual sympathy and friendliness for the week that we were side by side—with experiences of vision impossible to forget, for the man was a true seer though a hardy cheerful Highlander whom, except for the hidden power of his Celtic blood, no one on earth would have connected with psychic powers. I was to understand the why and wherefore of those later. I shall call him Armytage. I wish I had any power of conveying the extraordinary things he said and knew and the matter-of-fact, careless way in which he said them.

"I've always been a ghost-seer," he told me when we had reached the stage of interchanging thoughts. "Of course I know they're not really spirits, but it's very strange when you realize

what a creative power thought is. I once knew a man who was forming a devilish (and quite unfounded) belief about his wife. I saw it take shape objectively and stand before him in the room. It always went after him while I knew him. He murdered her in the end."

"What was it like?" I asked.

"It gave you the feeling of a very small deformed human thing that had points of likeness to the bear form, but had none of the honesty and wisdom of a bear. A horrid thing with a nosing snout. Not really animal at all. A misbegotten thing of vile thoughts. The manifestation of animal thought is always innocent and beautiful though sometimes as cruel as the flash of lightning. Have you noticed how interesting it is to see a group of poor mange-eaten, starved pariah dogs and the tremulous, timid beautiful thought-forms that go with them, something like a flock of white birds but more human? Fear and undying hope and belief that someone will intervene in their hopeless misery."

I saw at once that fate had brought a true seer to my door and rejoiced.

He took it for granted that recognition will

soon come of the necessity for cultivating the power of seeing the true thought-forms of things, instead of the distorted forms perceived by the senses, and that the way to this power is through the Indian form of concentration known as Yoga. I had heard little of that then, though enough to rouse the keenest interest and resolution. He was himself skilled in that science. He said, laughing:

“And when that time comes people will have to be as careful to keep their thoughts in order as to keep their bodies clean. Sickening revelations are made often enough now to those who can see.”

We were sitting outside the tents then in a kind of opening of the trees that fell away disclosing the sky and the radiant silence of the mountains. It came into my head to ask if he could see the reality of an eagle sailing before us, floating grand as a frigate with motionless flattened wings on some high mountain current of air—and if so, whether he could make me see it too.

“If you’re that sort,” he said carelessly. “Not otherwise. If you’ve had the right sort of drill

in past lives and in this. May I take your hand?"

I gave it and, as it lay in his, suddenly I saw that with the eagle went an image clear as crystal, glittering in the sun. It appeared to be all eyes—shining eyes turned everywhere, radiant, unspeakably watchful and keen and swift—a most beautiful shape, but so unlike anything I had ever seen that I stumble in trying to describe it, for even as I thought I had got it the light fluctuated and changed, and sometimes it was a ruffle of wings like shafts of glory. Flight and vision in perfected essence. Either and both.

"I know," said Armytage, "I see that too. It's like the Beasts in Revelation 'full of eyes within.' By the way those Beasts represent the essential thought of all the animal creation as the Divine thinks it. But of course that can't be described. It's only a shot at it. My God, if I could tell all I see! Of course I live in the world of sight, for I see these things always."

I looked at him in amazement. He was not in the least the mild-eyed melancholy type of lotus-eater who lives within the verges of reverie

and ecstasy. I felt the practical force of the man from the beginning as clearly as I feel my own—a blue-eyed, strong-jawed person, with an important profession demanding much use of the reasoning and authoritative faculties. Whatever power he had, he had earned it.

“But,” I asked, “don’t you find it fearfully confusing to live in the world of the senses and the real one together? You seem to use both sights at the same moment as one does binoculars, whereas most people who have them turn one or the other vision off under certain conditions. How do you manage that sort of double vision? It sounds rather dizzy.”

“Not a bit of it. You look here! You see that pine tree casting a strong shadow eastward. Does it puzzle you for a moment to distinguish what you call the real pine tree from the shadow? Not it! Well, I’m like that exactly, only I see the *really* real thing, and what you see as real is its shadow to me. But a very curious thing that I haven’t got to the bottom of yet is that I don’t see what *you* call the shadow of things at all. I’m trying to work that out.”

“Do you mean that looking at that pine tree

you don't see the absence of light its solidity makes on the ground?" I was utterly astonished.

"Not a sign of it. Mayn't it be that we only fancy things are solid? I don't know yet. But I see what *you* call the real tree as the shadow of the truly real tree—so I get two things from it as you do; and that's enough for me."

"You don't mean that what I see is nothing?"

"Good Lord, no! It's only that we people see the real thing and not the distortion the world calls real. Now that eagle—I saw the feathered thing as a clumsy sort of attempt following the real vivid radiant living thing that was all perception. The feathered thing was its shadow."

His face gave out a kind of light while he spoke. I said:

"That was the way with me too, while you made me see it."

"Oh, you'll see all right soon! Probably in your next life," he said carelessly. "You could see a little now if you chose. But one must be uncommonly careful what one says to the blindies. They want all the world to be as purblind as themselves, and the best word you get is lunacy."

"But tell me how you gained these powers," I pleaded.

It seemed every moment was a golden treasure which once lost might never be recovered. He answered with the same careless certitude.

"You see, I'm one of those people who remember their last birth and more. You can row up against the stream of the life-force if you know how and get back to the last port. I was a yogin at Badrinath, and a jolly good life too. But I gave everything the go-by except cultivating the powers for the sake of power, and that won't do, you know. I was as proud as Punch of the queer things I could do. So now I have to have my nose to the grindstone and work at the practical side of things. That's truth too, of course, and you've got to master it. Never have your head in the clouds. The true mystic is the most practical Johnny on earth and very bad to come up against in business. There's a tip for you—as true as taxes. That's all bosh about the practical side of things being illusion. It's only distortion and seeing the wrong values."

I fully agreed and asked: "Have you lost your yogic powers?"

"No—no! I couldn't see what I do if I had. Besides, a gain is never lost in the universe. Once a yogin always a yogin. Sex, for instance, doesn't interest me personally a bit and life is much more interesting without that fetter. It seems the funniest obsession to me now. I see men and women—" He halted, laughing and wholesomely. "And the potty little stories and fuss about it all. There are far more interesting things!" he added. "Everyone gets through with that after a certain stage of development."

"Does it make women more or less friendly with you?"

"Depends on the woman. But mostly it helps to bring out the innate friendliness in women that sex smothers. I like women amazingly. And when they reach the point where sex doesn't count they can be great yoginis. I've known two. Tell me, would you like to see the reality of that little river leaping over the precipice?"

"Would I!"

He pointed to a great dove-gray cliff above us with a dwarfed pine tree clinging to it here and there to drink scanty life from its stony breast. Over it poured a small rushing river

from some high unseen glacier, shattering in silver on the rocks below and gliding away through flowers, grasses, and banks of maiden-hair fern shivering with delight at the beauty above and below. It was so lovely in itself that to think of it as the shadow of some more perfect loveliness was impossible.

He took my hand in his firm cool clasp.

Instantly, above the water, curving with it, following its crystal folds, I saw—how can I describe it—something that was swiftness, light, and passionate joy concentrated into a being that struck me dumb. I saw it first an arrow of sunshine, as it led the wild race of water like a thing loosed from the hand of a god. Distance could not daunt it. It was eternal. It was what the plunge and luminous transparency of all water mean. In a moment more it was hovering music made visible. I had never seen music before, but I have known since that it is a symphony of light and color and that all the arts are one and indivisible when seen by unblinded eyes. What it must be to see music, sculpture—the beauty of words as pictures—all, all, as a radiant unity! It would be worth the sorrows

of millions of rebirths to attain to that. This time I knew I had never seen water before. I cannot see it otherwise now. But this sight is not through the eyes.

In this and other things he showed me I learned another thing. To the true perception these essential forms of nature are not as the poets describe them. They are not personal and sexed. The soul of the river does not take the shape of a nymph. No—no! Either the Greeks had not seen, or, seeing, invented the woodland, river, and sea-nymph forms of perfect human beauty as symbols of what they could not hope to describe in any words. Possibly other people see differently, but it was Armytage's experience, and—since I have had more experience—has been mine, that it is as I have said. Why should all life be humanized? One cannot say that the forms of divine spirits are human in appearance. They fluctuate. Armytage, passing a temple dedicated to Maheshwara and entering the outer court, had beheld the image not as an image at all but as a moon rising above mountains unspeakably serene and remote. Someday these symbols, for symbols they are at

best, will be translated for the world's wider use.

What Armytage was struggling to express (and I carry on the struggle) is that the natural world as we see it exists and subsists from the real—the spiritual world, as the effect from a cause. But happy, indeed, are those who can penetrate the cause, for celestial order reigns over the disorders of earth. I pass on to a strange story which he told me of the Shalimar, that famous garden in Kashmir which the Mogul Emperor Jehangir made for the woman to whom he had given not only his heart and soul but his empire—Nourmahal, known as the Mistress of the world. And I must declare that this story was the stranger, because I knew of an Englishman who had a vision of the same sort in that enchanted place. I have touched upon it in a story I named "V. Lydiat." But Armytage's experience was so much clearer and stronger as to convince me that these (so-called) dead thought-forms could be reproduced at any time by those who have attained percipieny.

But this was the story of Armytage.

Year after year he had come from Southern

India to the North, to the snowy mountains which hold this jewel in their citadel, drawn by an influence he could not parry. He thought of the place, wrote of it; it would have come between him and his work if he had permitted it, and his dream was to make his home in Kashmir when his work was done. He told me he owed it much illumination.

Ten years ago one late summer's afternoon after a long day's dreaming on the Dal Lake, he pulled his little shikara up the narrow stretch of waterway which leads to the Shalimar Garden, made long centuries since for the lovely ladies of the Great Mogul, as they called him in the Western world.

The pavilions of the emperors, their fountains, the secret paths bowered in roses, all are still there, but the little jewel-feet no longer pace them and the jewel-laden hands that wove the roses into garlands have pushed open and closed the door of Eternity and are seen no more.

Their hidden pavilions are thrown wide to the careless gaze of men who never heard their names or stories, and whose lifeblood would

formerly have washed out the crime of beholding the hidden beauties of the emperor's gardens. And this man was himself on this errand and it was when he had secured his shikara at the upper end of the way that leads to the Gardens of Dead Dreams that his story began.

He saw an Indian woman alone before him, walking very slowly and wearing the all-concealing *burka* with only slits for the eyes. That was strange. Often as he had been there before he had never seen a woman alone. They come by twos and threes or with children and friends. Her garment made no rustle, her feet no sound as she went, but that is common enough. Naturally he passed her easily and did not see her face. Night was now dawning in twilight, and it was only by the interest his many visits and gifts had made with the men in charge that he was permitted to come at such a time.

"For already the place had got hold of me," he said. "I couldn't keep away from it. I've made the history of the Mogul emperors and their women my own, and every place of theirs is more real to me than any other on earth. But I'd never been at the Shalimar so late be-

fore and what I had in my mind was to spend the night in the great pavilion. Think of the beauty of it—in the night and moonlight! It dragged me to it.”

I could think very well. There are few places on earth combining such beauty with such memories. A man might well dream as Armytage dreamed. I can answer for that. The pavilion is noble, surrounded by water and is cool. The pillars of the pavilion are of splendid black marble from Pampoor.

At the gate he was delayed by the absence of the custodian, and here the veiled woman overtook him and seeing why he waited signed to a gardener within and bade him go in search of the man, speaking Hindi, which Armytage of course understood perfectly. That also was a strange circumstance. These women never put themselves forward. It should have been the other way over. He should have spoken.

Her voice was clear as a thrush's song after rain, syllabled with sweet precision giving the impression of a language acquired and no birth-right.

He thanked her in the same tongue and she

made some slight salutation but no reply, then drawing apart stood there in motionless silence until the man came hurrying up and unlocked the gate which opens into Wonderland. Then she passed in before him, the man following humbly. The fountains were silent, each sleeping in its crystal prison, for they play only at stated times or for special visitors, and now dusk was falling over the gardens. Suddenly she turned to the man with a gesture of calm authority and ordered him to set them playing. She was obeyed at once and immediately the diamond jets were sparkling all along the four terraces rising in gradation to the noble pillared hall at the upper end—surrounded by water and fountains filling the air with the wild music of the hills. She waved the man back imperiously and went on alone, disappearing up the steps on the left side of the terrace.

Dusk came with sovereign quiet in the lonely gardens, and Armytage moved almost as quietly—so strong was the influence of the place. He climbed the steps at the right, and forgetting all but the beauty wandered onward and up until he came to the undefined boundary where the

garden passes into the wild loveliness of the first ascent to the mountain Mahadeva. There he turned and came slowly down through the roses to the pillared pavilion among the fountains. How long he took he did not know. The moon was plashing and dipping in the broken water the fountains made before the pavilion, and the white woman sat on the steps above it looking steadfastly down into the change unchanging of its dancing gold. He ventured in passing, as it were, to say a word. It had crossed his mind that a woman so alone, so confident, could only be one of the two well-known beauties of the royal city, who were accessible even to foreign speech and admiration.

He thanked her for the sight of the fountains and added a little clumsily: "I believe a charge is made for their playing. Allow me to settle it with the man."

She replied without the least embarrassment: "There is no charge when I command. I have full liberty here, by his Majesty's order."

She used the word "*Hazrat*," and Arnytage's impression was that she referred to the reigning Maharaja of Kashmir.

"I come here very often. I have done that for a long time," she added. "There are certain nights I always spend here."

In very great amazement he asked: "Alone?"

She shook her head and said slowly: "But you also love the place. You may stay." The permission was so royally given that it became a command.

"I will stay," he said.

It was at this point that he tried to describe to me this lady of the hidden face, but it was exceedingly difficult, and he wrestled with words which would not impart his meaning—so that I could only seize it here and there like glimpses in reflecting water shadowy and vague.

She never detached herself from the background of beauty formed by the starry night and the shadowy vastness of the mountains, and was no more companionable than they, so he said. He had the strangest sensation—it seemed that he was looking at a picture formed and projected from some other consciousness than his own—not for his benefit, far from that, but as something into connection with which he had strayed unknowing. Was it alarming—did

it inspire a sense of danger? I asked. No, but of suspense—of unutterable expectation. So might a man bidden to see a king's show wait alone and in a corner the rising of the curtain. Yet she walked beside him.

"Do you live here?" he asked at last, feeling the silence an unbearable strain.

"I live in a house by Lahore," she answered. "But I come here. There are nights when the Shalimar calls me, and I cannot stay away. It calls you also. Look!" And suddenly turning, she swept her arm upward, drawing his eyes to the pavilion and behind them.

To his amazement it was bathed in soft radiance from myriads of lights gleaming between the black pillars, wreathing the base and roof, glittering like beautiful constellations in the tossing fountains. Dim figures moved against the radiance, scarcely discernible but living, moving.

"The place has come alive!" he said under his breath. She turned her eyes on him through the slits in her veil, which made them terrifying as a masked face may sometimes be.

"Did you think beauty ever dies?" asked she,

and turning from him went swiftly up the steps, waving him back, as though to say, "No further."

But he could not think, could not obey. Slowly, irresistibly, something drew his feet onward and upward toward the tossing water, the steps, and the lights. Halfway he climbed, and then a mysterious something stopped him like a wall of ice, transparent and chill as death, closing the way. Thus far and no farther indeed, and so he halted, longing yet unable to move. But he knew very well after that what it all meant. He was looking on at a masque of thought in which there was no part for him.

After that point as he tried to tell me what had happened his speech was burdened with the unutterable. It tottered beneath it. He had seen her unveiled and glorious, standing a head taller than her women, jeweled like the night itself with moon and stars.

"But they were not people from Srinagar—you must have known this," I said. He shook his head. He knew other and very different things. Did they sing? Did they speak? I asked.

No, neither. They were there. There was

music—a lost kind of music—but they did not make it.

And as he spoke, halting, stumbling, I remembered the other man who had seen the same sight in the same place. And he, too, had been compelled to all but silence. Could he find any words to tell me of the loveliness that dominated Asia in her day? He struggled with words—doing his best.

“Impossible to describe as music. Nothing ever like it; her color pale gold and rose mingled wonderfully, lengths of silken hair midnight black, robing her in curl and wave like water, nearly to the sandaled feet. Brows of beauty, and the lightnings of deep eyes behind cloudy lashes—imperial height. Having seen this which centered all beauty—what could remain for admiration and wonder any more?” So he said.

“The other women?” I asked. No—they were there like stars about the moon, but he had not seen them. All the long night he had remained fixed gazing—gazing as the earth stares at the stars in a cold ecstasy. He never closed his eyes, never felt his heart beat nor was conscious of a

breath. Nor, he thought, did they move—but that he could not tell. It might be that they were absorbed in the same deep dream or reality, but—No! It was beyond him.

He saw and loved and remembered.

That was the story. The vision, if vision it were, faded as the gray dawn stood silent on the mountaintops, leaving his eyes empty, and then he stumbled down the long ways to the gates and waited there, rapt in memory and the sense of loss, until the man came and unlocked them terrified to see an intruder.

“But you let me in last evening when the lady bid you?”

“Huzoor, what lady? Lady sahibs do not come with the night to the Shalimar Bagh.”

“The lady who bid you set the fountains playing.”

“Sahib, they did not play. It is an order that they do not play at that time nor at night.”

Armytage turned and looked up the gardens. Not a sound—not a ripple, yet the moment before they had made music in his soul.

“They played all night from the moment you let me in.”

"Sahib, I did not let the Presence in. How have you entered? There would be great anger if it were known, and this poor man would be dismissed in shame. Nor have the fountains played, for at night I looked in and all was still."

Armytage argued, entreated, could make no more of it than that. But of course he understood very well.

"I shall go there again, someday," he said, "because I've learned a lot since then and I should see it quite differently now. All that was only the empty shell, like echoes in a dead house. But of course I couldn't get in touch with the real Nourmahal. She's working out the facts of life somewhere and I wonder where. It's very difficult to get them in a jeweled zenana, I fancy. But did you notice that point about her house at Lahore? Her tomb is there and she thought she was tied to it. Isn't that grim? Beastly things, tombs. They often imprison the thoughts of the dead. Everyone should be burned in radiant flame with the right mantram [sacred verse] and the ashes thrown to the winds. I have to attend European

funerals sometimes and by the power of my Yoga I see things, well—unpleasant.”

I agreed heart and soul. Our funerals are frightful contrivances for us and for the dead. I asked whether he thought it desirable to cultivate the power of coming in touch with their thought-forms at séances and through the other media used in modern times.

“Lord, no! It should be all as natural as breathing if it comes, and never through a third person. Always direct. Besides, it should really not possess anyone who hasn’t control of the beginning of the powers. All sorts of things may happen. I once knew a man who fell in love with a dead woman. They have some ghastly stories of that in Japan and the case I knew was pretty bad. No—it’s fools who take risks like that.”

I could only assent, for I knew he knew what he was talking about, but later knowledge has assured me he was right. We know too few of the rules of the game to play tricks with danger. I asked him then if he thought it possible that one could influence lower forms of consciousness—had he had any experience of that?

I read to him from my notes the very remarkable story which the Emperor Jehangir, the lover of Nourmahal, tells in his interesting autobiography. It runs as follows and is worth giving in his own words, for all the emperors of that most royal house had the gift of the pen. So writes the emperor:

A king came to a garden in the heat of the day. He saw an old gardener at the gate, and asked if there were any pomegranates in the garden. He said: "There are." He told him to bring a cup of pomegranate juice.

The gardener had a daughter adorned with grace of person and beauty of disposition. He made a sign to her to bring the pomegranate juice, and the girl went and at once brought a cup full of pomegranate juice, and placed some leaves over it. The king took it from her hand and drank it, asking the girl what was her reason for placing leaves over the juice. She with an eloquent tongue in a sweet voice represented that it was not wise to drink off quickly a quantity of liquid when bathed in perspiration and in such a warm air. Therefore she had placed the leaves by the way of precaution that he might drink it slowly. The king was charmed with the maiden and her sweet ways and the thought crossed his mind to take her into his zenana. Meanwhile he asked the gardener: "How much profit do you derive from this garden every year?" He answered: "Three hundred dinars."

The king asked: "And what do you pay the Diwan?" He answered: "The king takes nothing from the trees, but takes a tenth of the cultivated crops."

It came into the king's mind that there were in his dominions many gardens and countless trees. If then he were to get a tenth of the garden produce as well, it would mount to a large sum. Hereafter he would order a tax to be levied on garden produce.

He then said: "Bring me a little more pomegranate juice."

The girl went and after a long time brought a small quantity.

The king said: "The first time you came quickly and brought more. This time slowly and brought less."

She answered: "The first time I filled the cup with the juice of one pomegranate. This time I pressed out five or six and did not get as much juice."

The astonishment of the king increased. The gardener humbly represented: "The blessing of produce depends upon the king's good will. It occurs to me that you must be a king. At the time when you inquired of me the income from the garden your disposition must have changed, and consequently the blessing passed from the fruit."

The sultan was impressed and drove the idea from his heart. He then said: "Bring me once more a cup of pomegranate juice."

She went again, and quickly bringing a brimming cup gave it into the sultan's hand.

He praised the intelligence of the gardener and

explained the actual state of affairs and begged the girl of him in marriage.

"And," adds the emperor, "this true tale of that truth-preserving sultan has remained as a memento on the page of time. I trust that Allah (to whom be glory!) will always incline this suppliant towards what is good!"

So for the Pepys of the East, and as I laid down the notebook I asked Armytage whether he believed it, adding that I did, for I had known a man who was always conscious by the vibrations of pain when a plant thirsting for water was in the room, and recently the scientific wisdom of Sir Jaganis Bose, going as far as instruments can take him, has justified my then conclusion and has given us to believe that beyond his discoveries of physical consciousness in plants stretches (as in man, but otherwise) the territory which instruments and reason cannot explore—that of the psychic consciousness of the plant world. We little know yet how the baser thoughts of the world constrain and control the beauty about us.

Armytage laughed:

"Of course it's true. Plants have an amazing

consciousness. I never pick a flower. Jehangir knew all that and more from his Indian teacher, the yogin Jadrup Gosein. There are not only open references to his teaching in Jehangir's book but all sorts of signs of the yogin's influence. If Jehangir could have chucked drinking he'd have been a big man, but even Nour-mahal couldn't fight that, so it was his fate. But about you— Now, look here! You try alone. Look steadily at that pine standing out from the rest. Steadily. No, I won't touch you. Try and concentrate with all the little you understand. Concentrate on the tree. But you must be alone. I'm off to my tent."

I sat, concentrated on the tree, and in a moment forgot him. My mind focused into a ray playing on it steadily, though at that time I had had little experience. I cannot tell how long it was before I felt response. Along the ray traveled what I will call vibrations, stirrings of consciousness unlike yet allied to my own. It was a terrible effort to hold on at first, but presently the force I had invoked was holding me in touch. It became effortless. Threads of light and color wove and unwove like a reflection

broken in water. Now they were re-forming suddenly. I no longer saw the great tree except as a shadow—as its own shadow cast flat on the earth by sunshine, but in its place stood—what?

Something of pure light, a mild yet vivid flame that projected what I had thought the real tree as its shadow, green as the transparency of aquamarine with moving light that circulated through it, breaking into pale fire at certain points—where I think (but this I cannot know) the greater branches would spring. The upper part broke into feathers of flame—but I knew that flame could never burn. It was cool as water. It was growth, life, the ardency of sunshine, the sweeping of heavenly rains drunk in delight by the psychic roots. It swayed softly as on a wind of the spirit with all its glory of leafage. It was a divine thought of beauty such as no eye can see nor ear hear until both are opened, and yet it was allied to the poor shadow it cast upon earth which must wither and perish in its due season, while the essential stood immortal. All light is one, the cosmic lifeblood, but it takes different shapes for its manifestations. The united life of all trees

stood revealed to me. The conception—the primal idea of them.

I am ashamed to say—but truth is best—that the poignant beauty which I desired to draw into my own lifeblood and could not (though that, too, may be learned) broke me down, and the tears streamed from my eyes, and in those pitiful human tears—which were joy and grief intermixed—the vision vanished. The pine tree stood before me again, silvered with hanging lichens, beautiful indeed, but concealing its mystery as the rough shell hides the pearl. They show their innermost no more than we do.

Armytage came back after I had armed myself against the cruel feeling that Beauty had shut her door against me forever. He laughed at the notion. In his hand he held a paper—he put it in mine. With a few pencil strokes he had roughly indicated his own vision of the tree—and it was mine also.

“You see?” he said in his quick way. “But don’t you attempt to do it often until you’ve got much further in concentration. There must be no effort. Mind you, I don’t pretend I’ve

got very far and *I* was born with this sight owing to my knowledge of concentration in my last life and the one before. That's the beauty of the law of cause and effect. It never lets you down and it never lets you off. You can trust it. I could tell you what station you got out at in life last time if it would help you."

I said I would rather find it for myself. I knew it would be simply that of a hard worker and one who was not afraid to hunt the truth in dark places and —

"Oh, that of course!" he cut in. "People can see nothing if they haven't made some kind of effort. You can't exactly fatten in sloth along this road. For one thing, it's much too interesting. No—you weren't anybody in particular but you knew and were dumb—selfish, keeping things to yourself. Now you can talk, but you pay for it in other ways. By the way, a runner has just brought me a message: one of my men is ill in Bombay, and I'll have to chuck the rest of my holiday and get back."

I condoled but his happy eyes cut off condolence. He was perfectly cheerful.

"My life is a hard grind at the practical all

the time, but it's quite good going at Bombay if you live the way I do. My diggings are not far from the Parsee funeral place—the Towers of Silence, where they leave their dead to the vultures. It sounds horrid—and give me burning every time! Just a clean pyre, and so an end of the body. But I was going to say—if you ever come that way I'll try and show you some of the lovely things I see in connection with that. I'll tell you one: not long ago a Parsee child's funeral went up and they led a dog in front—dogs drive evil spirits away, they say; that's why they do it. Well, I stood in my garden, and I saw the dog ahead simply struggling to get free. Leaping, making the deuce of a racket. Why? In front of him ran the child—laughing, hands thrown up, face sparkling with joy, blown like a bubble in a wind—and a man walking after couldn't even hide his tears though it drove him nearly mad to show them. And the vultures were wheeling above. Oh, the fools we are! The almighty idiots!"

I said: "But Death wears his mask close-fitted and it's a terrible one. It takes eyes to see the joy within."

"True—too true. But you know better and you'll know better still. If you work at Yoga you can take all you want. You know that's a rule of the game. But it isn't easy. You don't get something for nothing along that road. And now—as I strike camp early tomorrow—would you care to come outside tonight and I'll show you something you won't forget in a hurry? It'll be a kind of good-by, though I'm certain we shall meet again. I think you'd better come, but promise me to tell it when you think the psychological moment has come. People really should know."

I promised; presently he spoke again:

"What I want to make you see now," he said, "is what's going on all round us. You see empty sky and space and all sorts of trees and mountains and inanimate things, and human beings strutting in the forefront of the stage, monarchs of all they survey. Well, what I want to show you is that there's a mighty drama going on about us all the time and actors we never even guess. We're rather small beer until we know our rights. I think you'll be astonished."

I said: "Not so much as you think; I know it."

"That's one thing. To see it's another," he answered tersely. "You'll not forget this."

It was night with a glorious moon floating in the wine-dark abysses of sky when I heard his quick step outside my tent.

"Come now. It isn't far. And will you walk very quietly and promise not to be startled? There's no reason on earth why you should be."

I promised, and we went, walking softly from the small clearing into the edge of the pine forest and to a crag where I had often sat, overlooking a small mountain valley with the royal roar of a river thundering through it. Only an occasional tree stood here and there, and vision had deserted me, for I saw them as lovely but ordinary pines. The valley was empty save for a few jutting rocks.

"You can't see anything?" he asked anxiously. "Well, that's rather a nuisance. I thought—after the pine— However, no matter. Let me take your hand. This sight does not come through the eyes."

He took it and for some mysterious reason I was still blind. I had slipped out of the vibration.

"Oh, I say!—this won't do. You've *got* to see. Would you mind if I hypnotized you?"

I shrank a little.

"Just as you like, but you know we Orientals don't do it like the westerners. I wouldn't hypnotize a dog like that. All we do is to inhibit the everyday mind and set the higher consciousness free. I say, 'I loose you. Go.' Wait. I see you don't like it. I'll set myself loose first. Watch! But when you want to rouse me breathe on my hands."

He folded them like an image of the Buddha. It was the yogin speaking now—the adept in the psychic powers. Silently I watched him draw his thoughts inward "as the tortoise draws its members into its shell"—so says an Indian book. I watched him with profoundest interest. His open eyes reflected the moon as he sat like a graven image, motionless, breathless. I ventured to lay a finger light as a breath on his hand. It was as cold as ice, as if the very blood of life had retreated to some inward cita-

del. I was for the first time in my life witnessing the psychic trance, and it affected me with the deepest awe and wonder. If that could be—if the heavenly heights could be stormed in that way, then the world indeed is heaven and the narrow prison of the breast is the courtyard of the sublimity of the universe.

How long I waited I do not know, but finally I stooped and breathed upon his hands. At first no sign or motion but gradually as the breath, which is the symbol of human contact, warmed his hands he moved, his eyes closed. It was as though he slept, and presently waked as naturally and simply as a child in the dawn. I said:

“Touch my hand. I believe I shall see now.”

He touched it—did not even hold it. And I saw. But not with my eyes.

A rain of what seemed to be drops of light was falling between me and the valley below. Just as a heavy fall of rain may blind one to what is beyond, so did this. It was dazzling, tintured with rainbow colors as though some glory invisible shone on it. Presently it cleared as a shower ceases and a few drops fell fitfully.

I saw a thing so amazing that I think I put

my hand before my eyes as if *they* were seeing. Light—light traveling everywhere on its errand of life, growth, sustentation, and destruction. And this light—every ray of it—was myriads of living beings thick as vibrations in light itself, but they were also terrific energy, pursuing ends I could only decipher here and there. I saw a beam touch what I should now call the shadow of a mighty cliff—what the world would call its reality. It slid over it gently as a moonbeam, but as it did so great masses of rock and snow broke in avalanches of horror from the cliff and were lost in thunder in some unseen abyss. I know—and how I cannot tell—that a village was crushed beneath them, human agony and blood and tears that were as nothing in the path of immutable law. Lightly again as a moonbeam the ray shifted—I saw the innumerable divine life vibrating in it as it sped to its goal. It swept the desert slopes of a mountain and it was summer, and blossom and fruit burst into a glory of life. The sky, the earth were covered with these crossing, shifting webs of life and light. They moved on a law beyond me, but law. I heard the awful roar of an earthquake open-

ing its jaws to seize its prey, and the light-beam traveled across it leaving ruin and dwelt on a sleeping city with the radiance of peace.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom.
Its threads are life and love, and death
and hate
The shuttles of its loom.

Now indeed I saw it as a divine pattern, weaving itself into starry beauty thrown upon what I had thought were the wastes of space. The planets and stars, suns and systems, were the geometry of its vast design. Sometimes I saw a Hand, a Face supernal, of great Beings who guided and directed, themselves the slaves of law; but what stood above and beyond it eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor if they had could any tongue tell.

Sight was failing me—declining into the human, I caught one last fragment—a bear passing through the pine forest alight with Presences. He saw—he stopped; the light swept him and he fell dead. But I saw a seed of light detach itself from the useless shell of fur and broken forces, and rounding into a little orb

sweep upward and join one of the wild webs of light swaying across the sky in their terrible illumination. Lost—nothing is lost, my heart cried as it shouted with the sons of God at their work, I too—I too—but the human broke under it. It staggered and fell in the onrush of vision. I saw no more.

Presently in the quiet of the moon-drenched forest I woke as if from sleep, refreshed as though I had been washed in the very sources of life. At first I could not speak. I could only say:

“I have seen the Truth.”

“And will never lose it,” he answered, “though the earth mists will cloud it often. You have seen that death and life are one.”

We sat in silence for a few moments, seeing the earth floating fair in the ocean of moonlight. Is it believable?

That was not many years ago as time goes, but who would have then believed that the air is full of unheard music to be trapped in wires and caged in each man's house for his service? None. And, though this vision of Cosmic Force is far otherwise—when man lays aside his reason

and uses his consciousness, he will see the high Intelligences at work about him and rejoice. But that vision must be developed within a man and not by the external aids of microscope and telescope. We should find another word for it than "sight."

As he went back he said:

"Remember always that the waking state is the furthest from truth, and most people know only that. Therefore go very cautiously. Wait your time to tell what you know. It is not yet."

True, but I think it begins to be "now" and I think this from the search of the world for light, as known to me personally and generally. If only a few hear and seek, it is the beginning of the true order of supermen. The dawn of mystic philosophy—age-old as it is—is only now broadening into the day.

"Well, good night and not good-by. We shan't lose touch. Tell me if you write anything about Nourmahal. Having seen her I feel I like to have all the news. In my next life I mean to have a training school in the good old Indian fashion for training people in psychics. It's badly wanted, but in this innings I have to

learn my own lesson, to keep my feet on earth and make things gee in this poor little old world."

He clasped my hand very kindly. His vibrated with force and health.

He struck camp very early next day, but I was awake, and it seemed typical that this Spartan whose drink was water only should depart singing gaily and stepping out to its rhythm a song of Hilaire Belloc's. It sounds forth the praises of beer.

They sell good Beer at Haslemere,
And under Guildford Hill.
At Little Cowfold, as I've been told,
A beggar may drink his fill:
There is good brew in Amberley too,
And by the bridge also;
But the swipes they take in at Washington Inn,
Is the very best Beer I know.

It died off in the pines, and the rhythmic steps had the zest of one heading straight for the Washington Inn. One of the most interesting people I have met in a life of many interests. I look forward steadfastly to meeting him again.

He wrote four times at intervals far apart,

long and fascinating letters which I have his leave to publish when I will, and I think there are perhaps enough people now to be interested in experiences so valid and wholesome. They should not be for the instruction of myself and a few friends only. I answered at long intervals and then I heard no more, but I am certain he is not dead. I believe he has learned his lesson among his figures and ledgers and has gone up into the mountains, and that when I return to them I shall meet him again with that extraordinary look of eternal youth in his face which the great solitudes give to their worshipers. I shall go up and over the Zoji Pass, and he will be sitting on a rock over the upper Indus watching the flying spray in rapt delight, with all the unspoken instinct of the beautiful animal subconsciousness added to the diviner one of man's utmost happiest attainment. He will be as much a part of nature as the mountains and river, but I shall not fear to break into his dream, for I, too, have made a few steps since we met. And he will look up and say with his old good-nature:

"Hallo! So you got in, did you? Didn't I tell

you? And you don't want to get out again. Good stuff, isn't it? But don't talk for a minute. Look! You don't need my hand now."

And he will point and I shall see and we shall both be silent.

THE HEART OF A COWARD

From "The House of Fulfilment"

THIS brief excerpt is offered for but one reason: With simple directness it suggests the obstacles in the path of those seeking spiritual Union.

Fear is the coward's poison.

"WHEN I knew at Tashigoing that I had got through—it was like a blinding flash. Oh yes, this is your yoga."

She paused. So seldom did she speak of herself, and this talk had had such freemasonry in it, that I leaped at the chance

"Could you tell me how the knowledge of your gift came to you? I'd give a great deal to know that. It might encourage me."

She turned calm eyes on my face.

"Encourage? You don't need that now. You've achieved enough to make you put on full steam ahead. But I can tell you if you wish."

It was friendly, no more, but it made my heartbeat quicken.

"They put me through a very strict discipline up there. I had seen and felt things before on my own, in a curious erratic way, but they did not want that. They thought something could be made of me, and you know the teaching is that you must know the Law and obey it in all things, until you reach a point

where law is forgotten and you can trust to perfected intention. So I followed the rules of Raja Yoga steadily and learned to concentrate, sitting in the great woods overhanging the river rushing through the gorges below. Oh no, I was never afraid. Fear doesn't come into these things at all I learned to sit so still and in such concentration that the birds and animals came round me in a way—I can't describe it. But those stories of the Christian saints are true.

“Well, one day—but you know words are nothing in things like this and perhaps you may not even believe me—I saw on the other side of the deep gorge, among the rocks, very high up, a most wonderful flower growing. I had never seen one like it then—a flower with three pure white petals and cupped in three green leaves, and lower down the stem three more, so that it was ninefold—a bit of Nature's own magic. As I looked I loved it; I longed to touch it. It was as if something shot out of me to it. And now—will you believe?—as I thought that, suddenly I was on the other side of the terrible gorge with the river foaming below me and I was touching the flower.”

She stopped, looking at me with shining, triumphant eyes. Doubt? I could as soon have doubted that light is light. But the thing half stunned me. I could take such things almost as a matter of course when they concerned Haridas or my master. They were men who lived in a sphere very different from ours. They had an hereditary right of understanding in such mysteries. But a girl like this—a girl with the soul of an artist truly, but yet one who walked and talked and dressed like others—that *she* should have attained the power of an Indian yogin, if even once and once only, filled me with astonishment bordering on fear.

“Were you frightened?” I asked. “Did you pick it? How did you get back?”

“You will laugh when I tell you,” she answered with sparkling eyes, bright under long lashes. “No, I didn’t pick it—I never pick flowers, nor will you, one of these days—but I touched it and made it mine. And then suddenly I realized what had happened and I was terrified. I shook from head to foot. The gorge was really appalling—about eighty feet across and sheer down to the rocks and boiling mad-

dened water. Do you know what I did? I sat down and cried, and so my master found me when he came out and shouted across the river; and to shorten my tale there was no means of getting me over, and I had to walk two miles down the river to a ford, and there they met me with a pony. Did you ever know such an anticlimax?"

"But what did your master say?"

"He said: 'Fear is the coward's poison. If you had chosen you could have walked back on the air as you went, instead of crying and splashing back through the pools like a whipped dog.' And he put me back six months in my work. Not, he said, that crossing the ravine on air mattered one way or another very much, but 'the heart of the coward is a lion in the road to perfection.' "

CONCENTRATION AND ITS POWERS

From "The Story of Oriental Philosophy"

DEFINITION and history dominate the following essay . . . Faker *vs.* Fakir.

I have practiced for many years.

WE NOW come to a very remarkable development of the Vedanta—one which to many will seem incredible, but which must have a profound interest to those in the West who have made even a preliminary study of Indian philosophy and modern psychology.

The word “yogi” is well known in the West as connoting a roving impostor who will stand on his head for ten years or more with a watchful eye for gain, who will cheat and lie and juggle with the same end in view, who must be despised yet to a certain extent feared as the possessor of some possible power of black or white magic, by which he may rival the palmist in foretelling an amatory or wealthy future. He is vaguely confused with the juggler who charms serpents or produces the sleeve-hidden mango tree, which grows at your feet while you do your best to believe the growth is spontaneous.

The true yogin is really the exponent of a wonderful and ancient system of psychology, one far more highly developed than any known

in the West. He is the representative of the occult sciences taught in the great Buddhist University of Nalanda in the ancient days of India. He is the man who in mastering the secrets of the phenomenal life of the senses prepares us for the approach through death to Reality. In India he survives for those who know how to find him. In Tibet he is thought to hold the key to the inmost meaning of the teachings of the Buddha and therefore it may almost be said of the Vedanta.

In this matter India took her straight and fearless flight to the inmost and outermost confines of thought and experience. You may or may not believe—that does not concern her thinkers. They unhesitatingly assert that they have made their experiments and *know*. You can do likewise if you are so minded. But if without doing this you condemn, if you say a thing is impossible because it is unexpected and highly incredible, if you deny the supremacy of the psychic over the physical, then India smiles and passes on.

What is Yoga? Who are its great exponents in India?

The word "Yoga," like words of our own, is differently used in different connections. Sometimes it means "a method"—which indeed it is: a method of freeing the intelligence to higher perception. Sometimes it means "yoking" in the sense of yoking-up or union with the Supreme Self set forth in the chapter on Shankara's philosophy. Sometimes it is a word used to express "effort"—hard, persistent, strenuous endeavor to restrain the senses and the mind; so that the essential in man imprisoned behind them shall go free, to achieve that realization of its oneness with the Supreme, on which Shankara lays such stress in his teaching. Sometimes it may mean "division" in the sense of division from the imputed self.

The aims of the royal or Raja Yoga, as it is called, are high and noble even from the physical side; and they are wide as high. The body must be brought to heel as an obedient dog, the reasoning and logical mind the same. Therefore it becomes necessary to secure a great tranquillity in the nervous system, and to that end the body must be freed of any impurities which would clog the circulation and irri-

tate the nerves. It follows that practices are enjoined to secure these ends, and the extraordinary health and longevity thus gained are to be used like a sort of compound interest in the furtherance of the quest for spiritual freedom.

There are other systems of Yoga: Mantra Yoga—healing by mantras or a kind of spells, likely to be very efficacious in nervous cases; Hatha Yoga, which is almost wholly medical and not wholly commendable. But none have the interest of the Raja Yoga of Patanjali.

We need not fear that we are in bad company in considering this form of Yoga. It was founded on the Vedanta and closely allied to the famous Shankhya Vedantic philosophy, which differed from Shankara on points only those deeply skilled in Vedantic lore could think of vital consequence. The Buddha himself was a yogin in the fullest and deepest sense of the word. His famous teacher Alara was a master of the science, and Alara's pupil the Buddha practiced the ascetic austerities to an even terrible point. He completed these with the highest contemplation and possessed "the

powers." The same may be said of other masters of Indian thought.

How ancient the science of Yoga (or a disciplined search to attain perfection) may be, none can say. The Rig-Veda—the earliest poetic collection of documents of the Indo-Aryans—mentions its possibilities of ecstasy and the hypnotic trance, though in a crude form. The Upanishads accept the Yoga practice in the sense of a conscious inward search for the true knowledge of Reality. One of the most famous Upanishads, the Katha, speaks of the highest condition of Yoga as a state where the senses together with the mind and intellect are fettered into immobility. These are the terms it uses:

"Immortal are those who know it. The state which ensues when the five organs of knowledge remain alone with the mind, and the intellect does not strive, is called the highest aim."

"This they call Yoga which is the firm keeping-down of the senses."

I will give as succinctly as possible the means whereby it can be practiced.

Patanjali is said to have codified the ancient systems and knowledge of Yoga in the second century B.C., though some scholars put the codification later. By some the codifier, who never laid claim to be the author, was believed to be the great grammarian Patanjali, author of a famous book known as the *Mahabhashya*, but this is doubtful. In any case the collection represents no author—but an era.

It consists of four parts. First is treated the nature of the ecstasy to be attained. Second, the means of attaining it. Third, an account of the supernormal powers to be had through Yoga. Fourth, the nature of the liberation of the soul, which is of course the highest aim of Yoga. I shall speak of Patanjali throughout, since he is the recognized exponent of this Yoga; but it must always be remembered it is no system of his own. It is a codification.

The seventh aphorism in the first part should be carefully remembered because it indicates the spirit in which the task of understanding or practicing Yoga (this latter should never be done without a skilled teacher) must be approached. Its sound is strangely modern.

“Direct perception, inference, and competent evidence are proofs of right knowledge.”

I mention this because in reading what is to follow it might be thought absurd that some of the statements should be classed under the title of philosophy. Here I must fortify myself with the support of Professor Max Müller who says:

“What we must guard against in those studies is rejecting as absurd what we cannot understand at once or what to us seems fanciful and irrational. I know from my own experience how what often seemed to me for a long time unmeaning, nay, absurd, disclosed after a time a far deeper meaning than I should ever have expected.”

Professor Radhakrishnan also treats the Yoga system with respect.

I begin with the second aphorism of Patanjali and I shall condense the explanations given by Vivekananda with my own.

“Yoga is restraining the mind-stuff from taking different forms.”

In other words, it asserts the dominance of mind. The mind-stuff may be imagined as a calm, translucent lake with waves or ripples

running over the surface when external thoughts or causes affect it. These ripples form our phenomenal universe—i.e., the universe as it is presented to us by our senses. If we can make these ripples cease, we can pass beyond thought or reason and attain the Absolute State.

Does it sound impossible to restrain or avert these ripples? No, for it may happen daily and by chance. If you are deeply engaged in work—or even in subjugating emotion—noises may roar down the street, and you will not consciously hear them, or if you do will receive no impression whatever from them. It is the You behind the mind, which is for the moment detached, and the mind-stuff being in itself unintelligent receives no impression, while the real You is busy elsewhere. This proves that the possibility exists. As a rule, however, you are not fixed in any profound work or contemplation and are at the mercy of the outer breezes, which blow over your mind-stuff and obscure the surface with foolish, useless passing impressions and thoughts—if they deserve the name of thought at all.

Continuing the image of the mind-stuff as a

lake, let us take the bottom of the lake to represent the true, the Absolute Self in man. We can never hope to see the bottom unless the water is clear and the surface perfectly calm. All living creatures possess mind-stuff in varying degree, but so far as we know it is only man who can inspire his mind-stuff with intellect, and so use it as an instrument by which he can pass through the various stages of Yoga to the liberation of the soul.

Third aphorism: "At the time of concentration the seer rests in his own (unmodified) state." In other words, when we begin to concentrate and the mind-stuff is calm and we no longer need to identify ourselves with it, it is as when the ripples on a lake cease. We can then see down through the quiet translucency to what is beneath it.

Fourth aphorism: "At other times he who sees identifies himself with the alterations of the mind-stuff."

For instance, a grief comes and sets up a ripple in the mind-stuff. You can then no longer see the bottom of the lake (the true Self), which is quite undisturbed by the rip-

ples of grief on the surface. When one loses sight of the true and immobile Self and identifies oneself with disturbed mind-stuff, the result is grief.

Fifth aphorism: "There are five classes of modifications (ripples) of the mind-stuff, some painful, others painless."

Sixth aphorism: "These are right knowledge, indiscrimination, verbal delusion, sleep, and memory."

Seventh aphorism: "Direct perception, inference, and competent evidence are proofs of right knowledge."

This is an important aphorism. When two of our perceptions do not contradict each other we call it proof. But there are three kinds of proof. Direct perception is the first, unless the senses have been misled. Inference is the second, which is to say you see an indication and from that deduce the thing indicated. Third, is the direct perception of the yogin, which is of quite a different order from the normal perception. The two first forms of proof demand reason. The yogin need not reason; he sees and knows. For him time in the ordinary sense does not exist. In other words, it does not flow past

him, he beholds it like a picture, like something in which past, present, and future can be read at a glance, and his sight becomes proof. No ripples in or on the mind-stuff disturb him. He sees to the bottom of the lake; i.e., to the true Self in which all knowledge abides in calm forever.

What proof have we of the declarations of a person who says he thus sees? It is necessary that he should be an entirely disinterested and saintly person, that he should have passed beyond the illusions of the senses, and that what he says does not contradict the past certain knowledge of mankind, for no new truth can contradict any old truth. It can only amplify it. It is also necessary that the truth he utters should be verifiable. The seer must be one who does not sell his knowledge, and he should offer only what it is possible for all men to attain if they will. In these ways we can have direct perception, inference, and competent evidence as regards the true yogin.

There follow several aphorisms on the various sorts of ripples; memory, sleep, dream, etc., which disturb the mind-stuff.

Twelfth aphorism: "Their control is by

practice and nonattachment." Why should this practice be needed? Because when a large number of impressions of one kind are left on the mind-stuff they form habits. This is consolatory, for if a man is a bundle of habits made up by himself he can unmake and remake the bundle. Character is nothing but repeated habits.

Thirteenth aphorism: "Continuous struggle to keep the ripples perfectly restrained is practice."

Fifteenth aphorism: "The state of mind which comes as the effect of giving up sense-desires and in which one becomes conscious of power of control over these desires is called nonattachment."

Nonattachment (or renunciation) means that the mind-stuff may be kept in the tranquil state in spite of the breezes of outer circumstance, which tend to blow it into ripples. Renunciation is the only means of attaining this end. Example: A man snatches your watch in the street. A wave of anger instantly rises on the mind-stuff. With all your strength withstand the rising of that wave. Fling your im-

pulse elsewhere. Difficult? Yes. But when it is done and no angry word is said and the mind-stuff remains unruffled—that is renunciation. So with the sensual enjoyments prized by the ignorant as happiness. To deny access to them, to forbid their ruffling the mind-stuff with their images—that is renunciation. If you do not govern the waves or ripples on the mind-stuff, they will govern you. Governing them, you attain power.

Seventeenth aphorism: "The concentration called Perfect Knowledge is that which is still related to reasoning discrimination, bliss, and unqualified egoism."

This is a very interesting aphorism. It declares that two sorts of attainment, known as *samadhi* or ecstasy, are attainable by the yogin. The one described in this aphorism is the lower and has dangers. This one offers perfect knowledge of the subject of meditation—let us say, if that were the chosen subject, of the categories or elements of nature—and when this point of concentration is reached the mind-stuff will take in the forces of nature and project them as thought. In other words, as *power*.

But Patanjali warns us that to practice Yoga only for the purpose of attaining the powers gained by complete knowledge of the forces of nature is a very dangerous thing. None but the entirely freed soul is fitted to use the powers, and this first state of samadhi does not free the soul. It is still allied with reasoning discrimination, and egoism. The effect is to gift a man with the powers of a god, and what may not happen!

Can it be possible that some of the great manifestations of uncontrolled and evil power in the world have sprung from this source? For no man of spiritual instinct would enter Yoga with this end in view, and he who attains it thus has reached the stage which is called "bereft of body," i.e., is freed from the limitations of the flesh and becomes pure intellect. The dangers of this are obvious if it is not joined to what in Europe we call perfect spirituality, and India understands much more by this phrase than we. Thus this lower samadhi may be called the ecstasy of intellect. The yogin may attain all powers yet fail as a spiritual entity.

Eighteenth aphorism: "There is another

spiritual samadhi, which is attained by the constant practice of cessation of all mental activity, the mind-stuff then retaining only the unmanifested impressions."

This is the highest state of all. This is the perfect superconsciousness, which gives all powers and perfect freedom, perfect union with the Absolute, as taught in the philosophy of the Vedanta. The man who has attained this can fall no more, can return to no more rebirths. He does not need them—has passed as completely beyond them as the Absolute itself of which he is a part. The means to this end is to hold the mind-stuff free of all impressions of thought thus making it a perfect vacuum. Why?

An English poet expresses the reason in words perhaps more comprehensible to the Western mind:

If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then would He fill it with Himself instead.
But thou art all fulfilled with very thou,
And hast such shrewd activity
That when He comes He says, "It is enow.
The place is full. There is no room for Me."

All our own small activities and "busynesses" of mind must be banished. There must be motionless stillness, or banishment of thought and reason, before what is higher than either—higher, no, but the ONLY—can take their place. In lower forms of consciousness the waves or ripples in the mind-stuff still remain in the form of tendencies. In this highest are no tendencies, nothing remains out of which proceed the seeds of rebirth and death.

Do you ask what remains if consciousness and knowledge are transcended? They are low states compared with what lies beyond both. To the ignorant mind they may seem to be Nothing, because extremes most truly meet. In the very low vibrations of ether we get darkness; the very high are also called darkness, for there also we cannot see; but the one is darkness, the other perfect light.

"So" — to quote Vivekananda's words — "though ignorance is the lowest state and knowledge the highest, yet the state of ignorance and that beyond knowledge appear alike to us. . . . Then will the Soul know it had neither birth nor death, want of neither heaven

nor earth. That it never went nor came, that it was only the phenomena of nature, apparently moving past it, which convinced it that in itself were change and movement. . . . Then the freed soul can command, not pray. What it wills will be fulfilled. What it wants it can do."

Twentieth aphorism: "To some [this samadhi] comes through faith, memory, energy, concentration." In other words, by perfect spirituality. Those who study the Christian Scriptures carefully will in a measure understand this aphorism, for there one may see it exemplified in certain cases without the Yoga training.

Twenty-first aphorism: "Success is speedy for those who long to attain samadhi [the highest form of consciousness]."

Passing over many aphorisms I will come now to the physical means of attainment.

The first physical step in changing the mental attitude. This in India would be considered a physical step because the mind belongs to the phenomenal world, the world as reported by the senses. There must be feelings of good will

to all—"peace on earth, good will to men." We must react to no evil, to no ill will, and that side of renunciation being active stores up good energy in our favor.

Next comes the government of the breath. The word used in the aphorisms belonging to this section is *prana*. Prana represents the sum total of energy in the Universe. Whatever has life—and what has not?—is a manifestation of prana. All is therefore according to Patanjali a combination of *prana* (energy) and *akasha* (omnipresent existence). But *prana* is not breath; it is that which causes the breath. Mind-stuff draws in the prana or vital energy, and manufactures from it the various mental forces which preserve the body. And by controlling the breathing processes the various motions in the body and the nerve currents can be controlled. It is the earliest way in Yoga of getting in touch with vital processes.

Later yogins state that there are three main currents of this vital energy in the body. One, they teach, flows through the right side of the spinal column, another through the left, and the third through a channel in the middle of

the spinal column. The right and left are vital currents in every man, and through them all the functions of life are performed. The third, that through the middle, is latent in all but is used only by the yogin.

As Yoga is practiced, the body and its powers change. It makes, as it were, new channels for its power, on the same principle that formed habits may be said to make such ruts in the brain that they become automatic. It is obvious then that great and steadfast practice is needed to form the new bodily and spiritual habits. I should point out here that the directions as to deep and rhythmic breathing and the utmost simplicity of eating and drinking are more and more endorsed by modern medical science. They endorse them empirically—that is, from watching the effects—for they do not know all the reasons these things are needful; but that perhaps makes their agreement more impressive.

How is this breathing to be done? The change must be gradual at first, for we are accustomed only to surface breathing and this is a very different matter. We must remember

that the center which controls the breathing system has a sort of controlling action over the nerve currents, and that this center is placed in our body in the spinal column opposite to the thorax.

This is why breathing practice is enjoined in Raja Yoga. From rhythmic breathing comes a tendency for all the molecules in the body to move in the same direction; and this is needed, for when the mind is focused into will the nerve currents change into a motion resembling that of electricity. The nerves have been proved to show polarity under the action of electric currents. This indicates the fact that when the will is transformed into nerve currents it has something of the force of electricity. So the rhythmic breathing helps to transform the body into a gigantic battery of will. When this is gained, the yogin speaks of rousing the coiled-up power latent at the lower end of the spinal cord.

Now, the point of rousing that power into action is as follows:

We know there are two kinds of action of the nerve currents; one sensory and one motor; one centripetal and the other centrifugal. One

carries sensation inward to the brain; the other outward to the body; but all are connected with the brain. Electric motion is produced only when the molecules all move in the same direction. Now, when the force at the base of the spinal column is roused it rises through the center of the spinal column, and reaching that end of the canal which opens on the brain it helps to bring about what is known in Yoga as the perception which has no object.

All the sensations and motions are sent to the brain through the network of nerve fibers. The right and left sides of the spinal column are the main channels through which the efferent and afferent currents travel. But Yoga teaches that the mind can send nerve currents without any network of nervous system, if you can break the bad habit of depending only on the right and left channels. Yoga states that if you can train yourself to use the central channel in the spinal column you will solve this problem and be rid of the problem of matter. It is taught that when men pray with passionate fervor they unconsciously loose a little of this coiled-up power and so receive the answer—

from outside as they suppose, but in reality from the latent power within themselves.

When the released power travels upward to the brain the reaction is tremendous; and when it reaches the brain the centers of perception become as it were illuminated with a great light.

The exercises are as follows:

Posture is important, for the body must be aware and alert. Sit straight upright, the chest, neck, and head must be in a straight line. First breathe in and out in a rhythmic way. That brings harmony and tranquillity. Then join to this the inward repetition of some sacred word. Repetition is advised because the act of repetition sets up certain rhythms and vibrations. The sacred word AUM is chosen in India because of its mystic meanings. It is a great sound-symbol and sums up all world sounds. It is composed of three letters A, U, M. The first letter "A" (pronounce as in French) is a root sound pronounced without touching any part of the tongue or palate. The "U" sound rolls from the very root to the end of the sounding board of the mouth. "M" concludes the series

and closes the lips on sound. And, for this and other reasons relating to various trinities of thought and worship, religious discipline in India has centered about this word.

Rhythm, concentration, and skilled breathing all tend to banish the enemies of progress in the science of Yoga. These are disease, sluggishness, doubt, indifference, pursuit of sense-enjoyments, stupor, false perception, diffused will, and restlessness. Grief, mental distress, tremor of the body, and irregular breathing are hindrances also.

Concentration will bring perfect repose to body and mind where it is rightly practiced.

Now for the first lesson in breathing after simple rhythmic breathing has been attained.

Let the word AUM flow in and out with the breath rhythmically. This is instead of the system of counting to regulate the breath. Gradually you will perceive the restful effect. It is better than sleep.

The second lesson when the first is learned is to breathe rhythmically, using the nostrils alternately. Close the right nostril. Draw the air slowly in through the left. When the lungs

are full, close the left nostril and exhale the air slowly by the right. Repeat this process with alternate nostrils. This must be practiced for a considerable time to fit the pupil for higher breathing exercises.

The effect of this process will appear in the disappearance of harsh lines from the face and mental calm. It improves the voice immensely.

Then comes the third lesson. Fill the lungs with breath through the left nostril and at the same time concentrate the mind on the nerve current it produces. Believe—*know*—that you are sending this nerve current down the spinal column until it strikes with strength on the last plexus at the base of the spine where is stored the coiled-up energy alluded to. Hold the current there for a while; then realize that you are slowly drawing out that nerve current with the breath into the other side and slowly expel it through the right nostril. Since this is difficult, stop the right nostril with the thumb and draw in the breath through the left. Stop both nostrils with thumb and forefinger while you realize you are sending the current down the spinal column and striking the latent force at

its base. Then take the thumb off the right nostril, still stopping the left, and thus exhale the air. And so alternately.

At first begin by retaining the breath for four seconds. Thus. Draw air in for four seconds, hold it for sixteen. Throw it out in eight. Let all this be lessened if it is a strain. This done three times and with alternate nostrils represents one *pranayama* as it is called. Remember to concentrate on the strength at the base of the spinal column. Let the whole process be extremely gradual.

The next lesson is to inhale slowly and immediately exhale slowly. Then do not inhale for the same number of repetitions of AUM as in the previous lesson. At first begin all these exercises with only four in the morning and four in the evening.

One day the knowledge will come that the stored force at the base of the spinal column is aroused and at work. Then the whole aspect of nature will be changed, and the book of knowledge will be opened. The highest force in the body is *ojas*. This form of energy is stored up in the brain, and its quantity determines intellec-

tuality and spirituality. All forces in the body when not frittered away go to form ojas. And especially the reproductive and sexual energies when controlled are easily transmuted into ojas. Thus chastity and continence are an integral part of Yoga.

I think it should be noticed how in all the faiths when it is desired to form spiritual experts this form of austerity is not only recommended but enjoined. I believe this to be instinct in the Western developments of monasticism, but in India it is science, for Yoga is the science of religion. I have no space here to follow this thought further, but I have found it well repays consideration. Yoga insists upon the chastity of Hippolytus or Galahad and issues the warning that without it there is danger.

We now come to concentration—a process most difficult in the West yet necessary for achievement. I noted in Count Keyserling's *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* that he recommends that this particular practice should be taught in all our schools. If I may venture a personal experience I may say I have found it invaluable. The mind springs about like a mon-

key in a tree. One thought slips over into another and dilutes it. You start a train of thought and unconsciously are in another in a moment. Impossible! Yet the thing can be controlled.

You first sit and let the mind run on. Watch the monkey jumping. Take note of its tricks. Thoughts terrible, even hideous, may flash past. Watch. But you must sit as a spectator and distinct from what you watch. It is the mind-stuff which is rippling, waving, wavering, presenting distorted reflections. It is not you. You will observe the distinction. Gradually the motion of the mind-stuff will become less violent. While you watch, it will tend to calm. It will slow down. Thought will be less confused, mixed, and rapid. At last, and under the influence also of steadfast resolution, it will calm gradually. Finally it will be controlled. Then it can be concentrated. This process, it will be noted, is to watch and analyze the mind by focusing the ray of its own light on itself and examining it by that illumination, a process extremely rare in the West, where the power of the mind is almost invariably directed to objective or outside objects.

I may say here that I believe one value of the almost universal practice of prayer is that, however poor and small, for however unworthy objects, it is a form of concentration. There may be—I firmly believe there *is*—truth in the statements of great spiritual experts as to its might when realized as a power.

Of course, as in all else, all depends upon practice—steadfast, unhindered. The prize is great, but again the warning of Patanjali should be repeated. Nothing can be done without a teacher and one of the highest spirituality.

CONCENTRATION AND ITS ATTAINMENT

From "The Story of Oriental Philosophy"

Now when concentration and meditation become systematic and instinctive a very high point is reached.

WHEN the mind is controlled it must next be focused on certain chosen points. Let us say certain parts of the body to begin with. Say you concentrate on the nose; after a while wonderful perfumes are smelled. If on the tongue, strange and delicate flavors. On the ears or eyes, beautiful sounds or lights may be perceived. And since Yoga asks no one to take anything for granted, it puts forward these experiences that they may form tests of truth. Concentration should later be on high and sacred objects. Everyone will know what is his highest and will choose that.

Indeed, in the whole of Yoga there is selection. Certain points of it will for deep inherent reasons appeal to some more than to others. Follow those. But certain broad rules of high morality are the gateway for all, and a very simple diet, avoiding flesh and alcohol, is necessary. There again I can add personal testimony to the value of a food system which I have practiced for very many years.

This must be true. As the organism purifies

itself you must the more avoid disturbance. As a wise doctor said to me, "You see mud best in a clean wineglass." And it is true that the finest organisms are most easily thrown out of gear if foreign matter is thrust into them. But here again, great is the reward, even on lower planes than the beginnings of Yoga. I would say, indeed, that to simplify the food with the right motive, and as far as possible to exclude cruelties from it, is in itself a form of Yoga and has fine results. I have set this forth in my novel *The House of Fulfilment*, which is concerned with the whole subject of Yoga, and shall say no more on that special point here.

Now when concentration and meditation become systematic and instinctive a very high point indeed is reached. The three planes of meditation are, first, the body as I have said above; then the mind-stuff and the intellectual world; lastly the Absolute—at first in its various aspects, then in its one and unchanging. And, in meditating, the yogin becomes a part of what he meditates upon, as a crystal with red or blue behind it becomes red or blue. Realizing that he shares its nature he absorbs its pow-

ers. Here I quote a fine passage from Tennyson which is pure Yoga and should be deeply considered as a remarkable Western experience of an Oriental scientific result:

For more than once when I
Sat all alone revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself, [i.e., "I"]
The mortal limit of the self was loosed,
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touched my limbs—the limbs
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt
But utter clearness, and through loss of self
The gain of such large life as matched with ours,
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow world.

That indeed is the difficulty. One cannot relate one's experiences in words, for words belong to the world of reason, not indeed a shadow world—Tennyson would scarcely have used that image had he known his Vedanta better—but a world where things are most erringly perceived. We need a new dialectic for the knowledge of psychic consciousness and of physical science, which is pressing forward more eagerly every day to meet the first and so flow with it, two rivers in one, to the ocean.

Max Müller says that these thoughts occurring in the great minds of the West show that the Indian heaven still works in us. It seems that so it is. That it may work more strongly and generally must be the hope of all who dread the growth of materialism in Western thought and life.

I do not for one moment deny that in some cases these austerities of Yoga were carried too far and so defeated their own end. This will appear in the experience of the Buddha. We find the same exaggeration in the experiences of the Western mystic, especially in medieval times where such men as Suso appear in their nail-studded shirts. With that side of the subject I have no space to deal, though it exists. True Yoga is in all things wise and calm. I regret indeed that I have not space to give a more detailed examination of the discipline.

Now, what are the powers inherent in Liberation of the Soul, in passing "into the Nameless" as Tennyson puts it? Here the belief of the Western reader will be sorely tried. Max Müller speaks of "the feeling of wonderment" produced.

The technical name for these powers is the *siddhis*, but avoiding foreign terms as I do I shall call them the powers. I can mention only a few. But let it be remembered that they belong to the first or lower degree of ecstasy. They are still concerned with the world-as-it-appears, and therefore, though they have been used by such masters as the Buddha and the Christ, it was always with specified purpose and with what I may almost call a certain element of constraint and distaste. The reason for this is easily understood by those who have studied preceding chapters.

Patanjali expresses the truth that even omniscience or omnipotence in earthly phenomena does not free the soul from the chain of birth and death or unite it with the source. Therefore let it be remembered that the powers, however interesting, are not the goal of Yoga, and still smell of earth.

A man on attainment of knowledge acquires a power named *samyama*. This is the power of identifying himself with any object. I must unwillingly use this Sanskrit word, for English translations are circumlocutions. It means, as

it were, *indenting* upon any object to take possession of its own powers. I can express it no better at the moment.

Thus, "by making samyama on word, meaning, and knowledge, which are ordinarily confused, a yogin may understand all animal sounds," says Patanjali. He will understand the meaning of any sound whether expressed by man or animal. Here I should direct attention to that passage in the Acts of the Apostles, where every man heard the apostles speak in his own tongue, whatever it might be. To an Indian mind there would be nothing strange in that statement. He would say they had made samyama on their audience.

So in the same way a yogin can make samyama on any man's body, and enter into full knowledge of the nature of his mind. Later, he can make samyama on his mind and possess himself of its contents.

Again, by making samyama on his own body, he can cut off its power of appearing as a perceived form, and can thus appear to vanish. For, by the yogin who has attained, the form of an object can be separated from the object. Those

who have read my chapters on the world as a phenomenal world will see exactly how this can be. The yogin does not really vanish, but the ideal of his body becomes for the time unphenomenal; and indeed he can also make samyama upon the power of sight in those present and obstruct their view in consonance with his act. Here I refer again to the Christian Scriptures, where such disappearances are recorded.

By this, the power of making words or any object disappear is explained. And by making samyama on the impressions of his mind, which are now working and about to work, a yogin knows exactly when his body will die. The Hindus think this knowledge important because the *Song Celestial* teaches that the thoughts at the moment of separation of the soul and the perishable body are of consequence in their impression on the intermediate state before reincarnation. In the very singular *Tibetan Book of the Dead* are allusions to this belief.

The Buddha, the greatest of yogins, has left clear specific directions as to the attainment of

the "one-pointed state of mind." They are of profound interest as coming from him. I condense his words to his disciples:

"If, brothers, the disciple is living a life of virtue and is possessed of mastery over the senses and filled with clear consciousness he seeks out a dwelling in a solitary place. He sits himself down with legs crossed, body erect, mind present and fixed. Far from impressions that allure the senses, but still reasoning and reflecting he enters into the First Ecstasy, which is full of the rapture and happiness born of concentration.

"And, after the suppression of reasoning and reflecting the disciple attains the inward peace and *oneness* of mind that is born of concentration, he attains the Second Ecstasy.

"And, after the suppression of rapture, the disciple dwells in equanimity and thus he enters the Third Ecstasy.

"And, further, brothers, when the disciple has rejected pain and pleasure, then he enters into the neutral clear-minded state of the Fourth Ecstasy. This, brothers, is called right concentration.

“Develop your concentration, brothers, for the monk who has concentration understands things according to their Reality. And what are these things? The arising and passing away of form, feeling, subjective differentiation, and consciousness.”

This is the highest opinion the world can offer on this subject.

But to return:

By making samyama (or an indent) on the strengths of friendship, mercy, and such qualities, a yogin may excel in them, and remarkable instances of this are recorded.

When a yogin needs supernormal strength he may have it in making a samyama upon (say) the strength of the elephant. Infinite energy is at the disposal of any man if he knows how to get it. And this is a part of the science of Yoga. Again I call attention to stories in the Old and New Testaments. Suppose for a moment that Samson with his supernormal strength were a yogin—and his unshorn hair oddly connects him with the Indian conception of such a figure—it would be obvious instantly to the Indian mind how Delilah deprived him

of it. Not indeed by cutting his hair, in which the ignorant supposed the secret of his strength to lie, but by flinging him into the stream of sensuality, whence he could no longer make samyama on energy and thus returning him to lower levels of consciousness. By making samyama on the Effulgent One, knowledge of what is happening at a distance or in places cut off by mountains can be had. This is because the yogin whose soul is utterly freed is at one with Omniscience and can draw upon it. And this applies to all various forms of knowledge, which in reality are all united in the One.

When the yogin makes samyama on the throat, sensations of hunger and thirst cease. Respiration and the heart's action can also be made to cease. Here I refer again to our Scriptures and to authenticated events in India with regard to the power of the yogins in suspending and renewing life.

When the soul is freed the yogin can by his powers enter the body of another. In the Hindu story of the life of Shankara, the great philosopher of the Advaita Vedanta, I gave such a case, which is typical of many. The yogin can

enter a dead body, but also a living one by holding its owner's mind and organs in check. If he needs to enter the body of another he makes samyama upon it, because not only his soul but his mind has the quality of universality. For each individual mind is part of the universal mind, and he who has realized this from experience has power to work upon each and all. Here I suggest that such a power misused by a yogin who had only attained the lower (or intellectual) form of samadhi would in India certainly be thought to account for certain forms of what is termed "possession."

By conquering the nerve current that governs the lungs and upper part of the body the yogin does not sink in water. He can walk on thorns and sword blades and can leave this life when he will. Here I refer to many stories in all the faiths, and it may be allowable to allude to the ecstatic joy of the martyrs in what would have been agony to ordinary humanity.

By making samyama on the relations between the ear and *akasha*, or etheric or universal force, the yogin can hear supernormally at any distance. By making samyama on the relation be-

tween akasha and the body the yogin can levitate himself and pass through the air. Again I allude to our Scriptures and the evidence given for such events elsewhere. Can it be possible that the undoubted answers to concentrated prayer are gained by an unconscious samyama on the universal force? The yogin would certainly answer yes.

With these powers may come the glorification of the body in beauty, strength, and endurance. "Breaking the rod of time the yogin may live in this universe with his body." For that man there is no more death or disease. He possesses the elemental secret for renewal of the body processes and of that from which they are renewed. This will of course mean that the yogin will perceive time with far other eyes than ours. He will not perceive it as a flux, passing from minute to minute and hour to hour, but in its static and eternal quality. Perhaps one has the right to say he will perceive and use it as another dimension in addition to those we know logically and through the reason as length, breadth, and height.

By his knowledge the yogin will perceive be-

ings on other planes of being than those commanded by our own normal perception.

It is almost needless to say that the yogin will have no desire for heaven, which is a limited state, in so far as it can be said to exist, and one offering no real enfranchisement to the soul from the round of birth and death.

There is a curious view of the means of obtaining immortality for the body which I must mention before I quit the subject. Yoga claims that this can be attained by chemical means. There was an Indian sect named the Rasayanas, who, believing in Yoga, deplored the interruptions that death made in a man's acquisition of perfected knowledge. Mind has manufactured the body—then why cannot mind keep it in existence and in the state in which it would have it? These people believed the secret lay in chemistry. It was sought for especially in certain combinations of such substances as mercury and sulphur. Vivekananda states that many remarkable medicines of today in India are owing to the Rasayanas, especially the use of metals in medicine.

Some lower types of yogins use opium and self-hypnotism.

There are many yogins who believe that certain of their principal teachers have not died, but still inhabit their old bodies.

In this connection I may tell a story related by Max Müller, who naturally approaches the subject with extreme caution. I have alluded to what he says of his feeling of wonderment. He also says (condensed) :

“The same writer who can enter into the most abstruse questions of philosophy will tell us with perfect good faith how he saw his master sitting in the air several feet above the ground. One instance of these miracles supposed to have been wrought by a yogin in India must suffice.

“A writer with whom I have been in correspondence, the author of a short life of his teacher Sabhapati Swami, who was born in Madras in 1840, relates not only visions which the young student had, but miracles performed in the presence of many people. We are told that it was in the twenty-ninth year of his age that Sabhapati, thirsting for a knowledge of

Brahman, had a vision of the Infinite Spirit, who said to him:

“ ‘Know, O Sabhapati, that I, the Infinite Spirit, am in all creations and all creations in ME. You are not separate from ME, nor is any soul. I accept you as my disciple, and bid you rise and go to the Agastya Ashrama where you will find ME in the shape of sages and yogins.

“In the dead of the night, for it was one A.M. when he saw this vision, Sabhapati left his family and traveled all night until he reached the temple of Mahadeva (Shiva) seven miles from Madras. There he sat for three days and three nights in deep contemplation and was again commanded in a vision to proceed to the Agastya Ashrama. After many perils he reached it and found there in a cave a great yogin, two hundred years old, his face benign and smiling with divinity. He had been expecting him. Sabhapati became his pupil, acquired Brahman knowledge and practiced samadhi (ecstasy) until he could sit several days without food. After seven years his teacher dismissed him with words which sound strange in the mouth of a miracle monger.

“ ‘Go, my son, try to do good to the world by revealing the truths which you have learned from me. Be liberal in imparting the truths which should benefit the householders. But beware lest vanity or importunity should lead you to perform miracles and show wonders to the profane.’

“Sabhapati seems afterwards to have taught in some of the principal cities and to have published several books, declining, however, to perform any miracles. In 1880 he was still living at Lahore. But though he declined to perform miracles he has left us an account of one performed by one of the members of his own order.

“About 180 years ago a yogin passed through Mysore and visited the raja, who entertained him with great reverence and hospitality. Meanwhile the Nawab of Arcot paid a visit to Mysore, and they all went with the yogin to his colleagues.

“The nabob being a Mussulman asked: ‘What power have you that you arrogate to yourselves divine honor? and what have you that you call yourselves divine persons?’

"A yogin answered: 'Yes, we possess the full divine power.'

"And he took a stick, gave divine power to it and threw it into the sky. It was transformed into millions of arrows and cut branches of the fruit trees to pieces, thunder roared, lightning flashed, rain fell in torrents. In the midst of this conflict of the elements the voice of the yogin was heard:

" 'If I give more power the world will be in ruins.'

"The people implored him to calm this havoc. He willed and all ceased and the sky was calm as before.

"I do not," adds Max Müller, "say that the evidence here adduced would pass muster in a court of law. All that strikes me is the simplicity with which everything is told, and the unhesitating conviction on the part of those who relate this. Of course we know that such things as the miracle related here are impossible, but it seems almost as great a miracle that such things should ever have been believed and should still continue to be believed. Apart from that, however, we must also remember that the

influence of the mind on the body and of the body on the mind is as yet but half explored; and in India and among the yogins we certainly meet, particularly in more modern times, with many indications that hypnotic states are produced by artificial means and interpreted as due to an interference of supernatural powers in the events of ordinary life."

I quote this long passage because all qualified to judge know that Max Müller is a scholar deserving the utmost respect in every matter relating to the philosophies of India, and is furthermore a scholar of extremest caution in all his statements. That caution will be seen in his treatment of the above events. I take issue with his use of the word "supernatural" in connection with the point of view of yogins in such matters, because no true yogin would admit for an instant that these or any such happenings could be supernatural. The word "supernatural" implies the breaking or suspension of a law, and that can never be. They would say they were supernormal—much above the common, naturally, but strictly in conformity with a higher knowledge of law.

I should not have quoted this passage but for its authorship, because very much clearer and more careful observations have been made by a European, a Frenchman named Jacolliot, who was chief justice of Chandernagore, and spent many years in India in investigating the occult and recording his own direct observations and conclusions. I have given a full and exhaustive account of them in my book *The Way of Power* and cannot include them here. His own expression is that he records things as he saw them, without taking part in the dispute as to their cause.

I think it is not too much to say of Max Müller that he is not inclined to disagree with the chain of philosophy involved in Yoga, but that he shrinks, as a European would, from the conclusions to which it leads. That at least is the impression left on my own mind by close study of his works. As to the effect of Yoga in its form of concentration, in sharpening and strengthening the intellectual powers, I assert fearlessly that there can be no doubt at all upon the subject.

In reference to the conception of time in

Yoga, I must give a very interesting passage, interesting because it is so closely related to some modern conceptions on that point.

Vivekananda explains Patanjali's aphorism on the subject as follows:

"Patanjali speaks of the succession of time. Patanjali here defines the word 'succession' as the changes which exist in relation to moments while we go on thinking. With each moment there is a change of idea, but we perceive these changes only at the end of a series. This is called 'succession.' For the mind that has realized omnipresence, there is no succession. Everything has become present for it. That is to say, to that mind the present alone exists, and the past and future are lost. Time stands controlled by it, and all knowledge flashes into it in a second."

Vivekananda does not here put what he means very well, though his meaning is perceptible. He should not say "past and future are lost." They are only lost in the sense that they are perceived—past, present, and future—as unity—the eternal Now. Nor should he use the expression "a second." A second is as much a division of the phenomenal succession of time

as a century. However, I think the meaning of his comment on Patanjali's remarkable aphorism is clear enough.

It is desirable that I should give some passages from the Upanishads themselves that it may be seen on what the philosophy of Yoga has been built. The philosophy of Yoga, though inchoate, was ancient when these were comparatively young.

The Svetasvatara Upanishad says:

"Where fire is churned or produced by rubbing [for sacrifice], where air is controlled [by Yoga practices], then the mind attains perfection.

"Placing the body in a straight posture, with the chest, throat and head held erect, making the organs, together with the mind, perfectly established in the lotus of the heart, the sage crosses all the fearful currents of ignorance by means of the raft of Brahman.

"The man of well-regulated effort controls the *prana* with its other manifested forms, and when it has become quieted breathes out through the nostrils. The persevering sage

should hold his mind as a charioteer holds the restive horses.

“By taking shelter in caves where there is not too much wind, where the floor is even free from pebbles and sand and fear of fire, where there are no disturbing noises from men or waterfalls, and in places helpful to the mind and pleasing to the eyes, the mind is to be joined in Yoga.

“Forms with appearances like snow, smoke, sun, wind, fire, firefly, lightning, crystal, and moon, gradually manifest the Brahman in Yoga.

“When the fivefold perceptions of Yoga, arising from [concentrating in the mind as] earth, water, light, air, and ether, have appeared to the yogin, then he has become possessed of a body made up of the fire of Yoga and will not be touched by old age, disease, or death.

“The first signs of entering Yoga are lightness of body, health, thirstlessness of mind, clearness of complexion, a beautiful voice, an agreeable odor in the body, and scantiness of excretion.

“As gold or silver covered with earth, when

cleaned, shine full of light, so the embodied man, seeing the truth of the Universal Self as One, attains the goal and becomes sorrowless."

Here is a quotation by Shankara from the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad. The interlocutor is a woman named Gargi.

"Practicing the desired postures according to the rules, the yogin will become their conqueror. Seated on a deer or tiger skin and first worshiping Ganapati (the lord who removes obstacles) with fruit and sweetmeats he will then resign himself to his care, take an easy posture, and place his right palm on his left. Then, according to the prescribed way, he will sit facing the east or north, and hold his throat and head in the same line, with lips closed, body perfectly immovable, and eyes fixed on the tip of the nose.

"He should avoid too much food or fasting, in accordance with the prescribed way, for without it his practices will be fruitless. [The directions are here repeated.] . . . This should be practiced for three or four years or three or four months according to the instructions of one's master, in secret—that is to say, alone in a

room—in the early morning, at midday, in the evening, and at midnight, until the nerves become purified. Lightness of body, clear complexion, and good appetite are the signs of purification of the nerves.” Then follow the breathing directions, etc.

It must be fully realized that bodily health is made an essential of Yoga. As Radhakrishnan finely says, the body can be made the basis either of animal incontinence or divine strength. This is a basic principle of Yoga. We are to control the body, not to torture it. Therefore we must abstain from stimulating drugs, foods, and drinks. As to the respiratory exercises, they are endorsed by eminent medical men, as a means of strengthening the heart's nutrition and action. But it must be remembered that Yoga, especially in its more advanced stages, calls for great endurance and should never be undertaken alone. A teacher is essential.

Lest this philosophy should be thought “Indian” and “emotional,” let me quote another great European in whom “the leaven of the Indo-Aryan” evidently still persisted. I allude to Schelling, the German philosopher.

In his *Philosophical Letters upon Dogmatism and Criticism* he says:

“In all of us there dwells a secret marvelous power of freeing ourselves from the changes of time, of withdrawing to our secret selves away from external things, and of so discovering to ourselves the eternal in us in the form of unchangeability. This presentation of ourselves to ourselves is the most truly personal experience, upon which depends everything we know of the supersensual world. This presentation shows us for the first time what real existence is while all else only pretends to be. At that time we annihilate time and duration of time. We are no longer in time, but time, or rather eternity itself, is in us. The external world is no longer an object for us, but is lost in us.”

This is pure Yoga.

As I have said, there are different aspects of Yoga for different natures and some are apparently born (India would say as a result of karma) with faculties in that direction partially or highly developed. I repeat that the powers are considered as of no spiritual value in themselves. The Buddha unfrocked a monk for using

them, though on some special occasions, like the Christ, he permitted and used them. But Yoga does not recognize only one way of attainment. Besides the disciplined Yoga of which I have given a description are three other roads to perfect freedom of the soul. I will mention them very briefly for I have dealt with them fully in another book. There is *Karma Yoga*—to live a life of good deeds and devoted family and social service.

There is *Bhakti Yoga*—the life of utter love and passionate devotion, which, because love is the great breaker of the prison of selfhood and false individuality, must also lead to perfect freedom. And there is *Jnana Yoga*, the insight—the cold white flame of pure reason, which thrown upon the Mind will search out and destroy its weaknesses, blindnesses, and follies.

But the straight, swiftest road to freedom in right hands is that of which Patanjali has compiled the guidebook.

Many will attribute much, if not all, contained in these two chapters on Yoga to self-hypnotism, or fraud. Only those can judge who have closely studied the subject; and it must not

be denied or overlooked that in parts of India the ignorant have identified some of the Yoga detailed by Patanjali with the baser forms of the Tantric cult, and that the fraud and charlatan are always with us whether in East or West. But allowing for all these, my own convictions have brought me to the decision that as an integral and noble part of Indian philosophy, however tinctured with early superstition and later degradations, it would not be possible to omit it. It teaches that by faith and concentration we may transcend the normal limits of human vision, and realize that these do not limit the universe.

This subject of Yoga is a high and difficult one. At points there is symbolism that only the instructed can pierce and reach the truth behind. Remember also that Yoga is in many respects a key to the highest teachings of the Indian philosophies, including that of the Buddha. The Buddhism of Ceylon and Burma shrinks from this conclusion because Buddha asserted that he held nothing back "in a closed fist" from his disciples. True, but these disciples did not think that the meat for men is

diet for babes; and in Tibet and elsewhere it is held that in the Buddhist faith are teachings "ear-whispered" from master to pupil from time immemorial; and these were studied at the great Buddhist university at Nalanda where the occult held its due place in the curriculum.

I end this chapter with a sentence from Radhakrishnan which may serve to endorse the value of Yoga as a gift to the West. We are only beginning to realize what great gifts India brings us, gifts not to be feared but welcomed, as she will welcome the best of ours. With this saying of Radhakrishnan's I fully agree.

"It is good to know that the ancient thinkers required of us to realize the possibilities of the soul in solitude and silence, and to transform the flashing and fading moments of vision into a steady light which could illumine the long years of life."

MATTER AND SPIRIT

From "The Garden of Vision"

HOKUM vs. true Yogi are herein discussed.

Learn these things. I would not have you monks, of whom there are plenty, but men, of whom there are few.

"SEE this iron war fan in my hand," he said. "It may be called a weapon in itself. But that is nothing. Let us suppose a warrior who is surprised unarmed by his foe. A war fan, or let us as well say a paper fan, lies beside him. He snatches it up, breathes in power, and lo! the enemy sees a sword flashing in his hand—a sword multiplied, terrible, dazzling as sunrays flung back from a mirror. You do not believe this? You doubt? Then see!"

He stopped speaking and with every eye fixed on him flourished the war fan in the air, uttering a wild cry—the battle shout. Instantly it was gone. A sword in his hand displayed circles, side thrusts, fore thrusts, direct, above, below. He stamped, he lunged. One man started up from the ground and flung an arm out in breathless excitement. Yasoma watched, all else forgotten, her heart beating in her throat. It lasted perhaps two minutes. Then there was a loud rattle that shook the air like fear. The sword was gone. Arima closed the iron blades of the war fan and flung it crashing down.

"*That* is what the world calls matter," he said contemptuously. "But what the world calls matter is spirit, and the wise man, himself being spirit, can throw it into what forms he will. There is no secret to this. Try it and do it. Further, you can master the mind of your enemy by the same knowledge. You can turn his wrath into laughter and send him away, a good fellow well pleased with himself and you and all the world.

"Now, you noticed I shouted? Why do you suppose the instinct of every man is to shout when he goes into battle of whatever sort it may be? It is the same with beasts. The lion roars, the elephant trumpets. Do it when you want to let yourself go. Don't constrain yourself. Why? Because it is vibration—and vibration is one of the secrets of power and influence. But, of course, get knowledge first. The shout I uttered then was in the right vibration (to use a misleading term, for these things must be done, not chattered over). It shattered the pattern of (let us call them) the electrons and protons which represent the fan and changed them for those that the human senses recognize

as a sword—but, with power, we can make it up into a new pattern as by shaking colored glass in a kaleidoscope you change the design. The truth is—and it was long ago perceived in legend—you can change any form (including your own) into any other by altering what to ignorant hearers I must call its pattern. The response is instant. Believe me the old tales even of the shape-changing of the werewolf and the ghost-fox have a substratum of truth though garnished to suit popular taste. Did you ever know power which was not a two-edged sword according to the hand that held it? Much that was formerly called fairy tale we call today psychic science, and its bounds will be indefinitely extended. Naturally, the word 'pattern' has no meaning. I use it as a symbol.

"Just now I shook the pattern from the arrangement you recognize as a fan into that you see as a sword. In reality both are formless activity disguised as appearances, for appearances alone can be perceived by the physical eyes. Remember that in the latest and highest teachings of such men as rule the world of science today 'the solid substance of things is illu-

sion. It is a fancy projected by the mind into the external world. There is nothing to make any *one* of them (the worlds) into an actual world. Choose one and weave your fanciful images about it. That alone can make it actual.'

"Well, your senses working along their own pattern have built an imagined world about you, wreathed with your own images. For my part I think it is better to follow Zen and see the world as it is, for I can assure you it is much more interesting and powerful in relation to yourselves than the pattern reported by your senses leads you to suppose.

"When the third eye of wisdom is opened you behold neither fan nor sword but *power* which you can mold into a shape perceptible to the uninstructed or deal with yourself as power which has neither part nor substance. Need I speak of the fakes and charlatans who counterfeit these things? or of those who use them for evil? No, for your training here arms you at all these points. Here, the aim of your study is to open the Eye of Wisdom represented on the brows of the gods in many lands as a symbol.

"And the shout? That also is power vibrating

until it stirs the response in power. Were the window in this room glass I could shatter it with a cry. I have heard a man shout, and the birds dropped dead from a tree before him. I have heard him shout again, and they rose and flew away. For all forms of life and what we call death are power and interchangeable.

“Will any of you trust me so far now and here that I may break what we call life in you and then restore you to it? You who study the great art of jujutsu know it is often done by strangling in the judo schools, and the men are restored by a method called *kwappo*. This is done to strengthen the nerves and teach a useful mode of resuscitation—which however is not entrusted to students below the rank of *shodan*. It is resuscitation by direct contact, and several of you have seen it and know that a man comes round unharmed. But now I will show you the other and occult way, that which is really as natural as the first, that you may know the power of the *kiai*—the shout I have used once already. This time it will be different. Who will volunteer? And remember that just as hypno-

tism or certain drugs free the consciousness from the control of reason, so also does this."

Every man rose. Yasoma watched enthralled. Ito had passed out of her mind with every other earthly thought. If she could have analyzed it she would have said she was vision and no more. She wished with longing that she had offered herself.

Arima beckoned the farthest man at haphazard, and even as he moved forward uttered a terrible wild cry that rang through the hall with shattering force, thrilling every nerve to terror. The man dropped as if shot and so lay motionless.

"Look!" said Arima. "Feel his heart. It has stopped. See his face, congested with blood. The tongue protrudes. Lay him aside. He does not suffer at all. But he is what the world calls dead. No matter. Let us go on."

The strangeness of the remainder of that address with the motionless form stretched out before them Yasoma thought could never be forgotten while life lasted. Yet in a moment more she had forgotten the awful witness in the passionate interest of Arima's words.

“What is death? Ah—a difficult question for those who are not wise! The stoppage of the bodily processes certainly. Their disintegration with the cells and fibers if enough time elapses. We shall not allow that to elapse here, for an hour is precious in the pilgrimage we call life and we must not rob our brother. But, as to death, in the higher consciousness we know its secret and we are content. Were I a Master skilled—let us say, as the Buddha of Nazareth—that body of Kawagita’s might have begun to rot and I could have restored it as he did. The agency I shall use to restore him needs no direct contact. Again it will be *kiai*—‘the spirit-meeting shout,’ as we call it, but used somewhat differently from the death-dealing one. Now, this method can be taught to none nor can any use it until he has attained *satori*—which means that the Eye of Wisdom must have opened in him—which again means that he must have attained the more expanded form of consciousness that knows the universe as it is, not as it appears. The teaching of a competent master is also needed. Now, what is the power of this shout, and from what does it proceed?

"I have told you—power calling on power. In India whence the Far East originally derived this wisdom this one universal power has the name of *akasha*. It is the force of which what are called electricity, time, and so forth are parts—side shows. A big thing! Here in Japan we call it *aiki*. You will notice that that word is *kiai* reversed. The discipline it requires, which also hails from India through China, strengthens the abdominal muscles exactly as does the deep breathing of India which is used by their yins and by our highest jujutsu experts. Jujutsu is a magnificent discipline, thus used, both for the mind and body, and I add that reading the *Nō* plays aloud in the historic chant is also a magnificent means of health for the lungs and the abdominal muscles, while at the same time it expands the mind by the power of the truth and beauty of Art which being (in its *yugen*) beyond all reason is a part also of the One Power of which the universe is a conscious manifestation.

"Thus we practice it here. Need I say how practice of physical discipline combined with our nationally simple way of living strength-

ened our army for the terrible Manchurian marches in the war with Russia and gave unequaled endurance and recuperative power when wounded? We are now using more Western methods. Will they be as good?

"Now, if you would excel in jujutsu and in much more than jujutsu learn to use every means to strengthen the abdominal muscles. Use the deep breathing in which Ito sama will instruct you and adopt his method of folding a cloth about the abdomen below the ribs and breathing against its strain. But of practical means he will speak another time.

"After this, need I tell you that aiki the force of the universe is the secret of high jujutsu, and that, especially because swordwork and archery are unfortunately dying, it is an excellent thing on which to concentrate, concentration being the road to aiki, and aiki the illimitable universal power which a man must tap to make himself the master of life instead of its slave. At all hours, at all moments keep your minds fixed on strength, and use every means to produce it. When after long and patient study you have gained the mastery over aiki you are a

free man indeed. For you, the dark is no dark, because you depend for sight on other than your eyes. For you, fire does not burn nor water engulf. It is a divine clairvoyance. But . . . [he gave further illustrations and went on] the foundation is to learn to control your mind and body. Humble but necessary! Learn this.

"You will find the kiai helpful in many ways small and great. When as a student I was troubled with severe bleedings of the nose my master laughed and told me it was easily curable. How? He fixed his eyes on me, and I felt something dart from them that first subjugated and then raised power to meet it. The blood was throbbing from my nostrils. He uttered the kiai shout and I felt as though a thrill of cold water—ice cold, touched the tip of my nose and ran up to my forehead where it settled. The blood flow stopped. I was cured.

"Learn these things. I would not have you monks, of whom there are plenty, but men, of whom there are few. It may be well for some to sit all day lost in meditation, but it is better to live your life in the world that needs you as men skilled in the manly arts which outside

indeed appear as physical power but inside are spiritual. Take all the gifts of the universe. Work. Be never idle, and train your bodies according to the teachings of Ito sama, who knows what he professes. Keep your body full of *ki* by healthy hard feeding, work and exercise. And tell me of visions when you have done this, but not before. Keep your concentration one and indivisible; and your mind will then be ready to dart or pounce with all its force and with no hesitation wherever you choose to use it; remember always that this power will aid you surely beyond death as in other mental states. We cannot dwell upon this too much. I now conclude with a few general remarks.

“Our object here is to send men out into the world who have received Enlightenment. Why trust men as spiritual and philosophical guides who are devoid of this knowledge? For the life of me I cannot understand why we should. It is not as if the knowledge is unattainable. It is for the taking. I do not say that every man has reached the stage of evolution where he is competent to receive it. But I do say that a man who is not competent to receive it is certainly

on a plane of psychic evolution which absolutely unfits him for being the guide and ruler of others. That indeed is a case of the blind leading the blind, and what right have we for surprise at the misfortunes of a world so managed?

“There is another point. I am occasionally told that this dwelling on jujutsu and the military arts encourages brutality. I think this nonsense of a pernicious type. Our traditional effort is to associate these things with the highest form of the psychic wisdom handed down to us. This has not been the case in Europe, and though I am not here to criticize I think European military spirit has lost by the dissociation, and I could give my reasons. Furthermore, this is a world in which the weak for some considerable time will need defense individually and collectively. And, to conclude, I have almost invariably observed that the critic of this so-called brutality is a person so terrified of pain for himself as to be a warm defender of the devilish brutalities of vivisection practiced upon those who are too weak to protect themselves from outrage and who have trusted the hands which

murder them in unspeakable circumstances. Science is daily justifying the right of these fellow creatures to immunity from torture.

“But even were this not so it could never be our spirit here. We are prepared to suffer and inflict pain only when the end justifies the means, and the man who is trained here will be a just judge of the occasion. Can as much be said for the average man outside? There, undisciplined strength is rampant. Here, we strengthen strength and add the discipline that makes it wisdom.

“Therefore study all the great arts of jujutsu (military arts), and I wish it were incumbent on every young man in the empire so to study if study were combined with the discipline that sharpens the sword of the intellect and spirit. Then indeed do we produce the superman of whom Europe has dreamed!

“It occurs to me that for those who have not heard them I may do well to give the rules which are considered to hold the secret of kiai. Those who are acquainted with the Indian spirit in Yoga will do well to compare the two.

I have no parents; I make the heaven and the earth
my parents.

I have no divine power; I make honesty my power.

I have no means; I make docility my means.

I have no magic power; I make inward strength my
magic.

I have neither life nor death; I make AUM my life and
death.

I have no body; I make stoicism my body.

I have no eyes; I make the flash of lightning my eyes.

I have no ears; I make sensibility my ears.

I have no limbs; I make promptitude my limbs.

I have no design; I make opportunity my design.

I have no miracles; I make the righteous Law my mira-
cle.

I have no principles; I make adaptability to all things
my principles.

I have no friends; I make my mind my friend.

I have no enemy; I make incautiousness my enemy.

I have no armor; I make good will and righteousness
my armor.

I have no castle; I make immovable mind my castle.

I have no sword; I make the subconscious my sword.

These words will bear consideration. I conclude
with an adage which may be useful. Personality
of form, whether it be yours or that of my war
fan, has no real existence. It can be distributed
or changed with a wish."

He ended abruptly as he had begun.

A DREAM

From "The Way of Power"

SEVERAL distinct cases are here interpreted by Mrs. Beck. Special reference is made to drugs in the practice of Yoga.

I reflect on the teaching of the wise of all nations and I recall none who has not taught that self-discipline is what makes the man the master of his fate in the only way in which he need care to rule it.

I HAD once a most extraordinary dream shot through and through with beauty as a jewel with lights and perfections. I dreamed that I must write it down at once lest so much loveliness should escape me. But when I waked only one grotesque phrase survived—so grotesque though apparently meaningless that I never forgot it. Much later—years after—events illuminated that phrase so that what it conveyed had become one of the most important events of my life. I believe the same might prove true of many of the remains of “veriest nonsense” of which Professor James writes, if they could be traced through the afterlife of the percipients. It will be interesting to give some specimens of experience under narcosis, and the first is of great value because it relates to a realization of time as the eternal “Now” of Indian Yoga. It was that of a man named Clark, who died young. (I condense.)

“In the first place the revelation is, if anything, nonemotional. It is the one sole and sufficient insight of how the present is pushed on

by the past and becomes the future. The real secret would be the formulae by which the 'now' keeps exfoliating out of itself yet never escapes. Ordinary philosophy is like a hound hunting his own tail. His nose never catches up with his heels. So the present is a foregone conclusion and I am ever too late to understand it. [It has become the past before one can grasp it.] But at the moment of recovery from anesthesia, then, before starting on life, I catch, so to speak, a glimpse of my heels, a glimpse of the eternal process just in the act of starting. That is why there is a smile upon the face of revelation as we view it. It tells us we are forever half a second too late.

“ ‘You could kiss your own lips and have all the fun to yourself,’ it says, ‘if you only knew the trick. It would be perfectly easy if they would just stay there until you got around to them. Why don’t you manage it somehow?’ ”

And the whole secret of the true occult is to know how to make one’s own lips wait until one gets round to them, and in kissing them one kisses the universe. That is Yoga with all its

powers, revealing, in the immortal words of Plotinus, the great Neo-Platonic philosopher, the truth:

“For that which sees is itself the thing which is seen.” The transcendental logic of the Land behind the Looking Glass where “A can be both A and not A”! This is exactly what the percipient has realized in that experience.

Here is another experience—that of a woman who had taken ether for a surgical operation:

“I wondered if I was in a prison being tortured. My last dream immediately preceded my coming to. It only lasted a few seconds and was most vivid and real to me though it may not be clear in words.

“A great Power was traveling through the sky, his foot on a kind of lightning as a wheel is on a rail: it was his pathway. The lightning was made of innumerable spirits and I was one of them. Each part of the streak or flash came into its short conscious existence only that he might travel. I felt my flexibility and helplessness. He bended me, turning his corner by

means of my hurt, and at the acutest point of [my agony] as he passed, I SAW.

"I understood for a moment things I have now forgotten, things that no one could remember while retaining sanity.

"He went and I came to. In that moment the whole of my life passed before me, including each little meaningless piece of distress, and I understood them. This was what it all meant. On waking I realized that in that half hour under ether I had served God more distinctly and purely than I had ever done in my life before or than I am capable of desiring to do. I was the means of His achieving and revealing something to someone, I know not what or to whom. With that I came finally into what seemed a dreamworld compared with the reality of what I was leaving."

I should like to draw attention to one sentence in this experience:

"In that moment the whole of my life passed before me."

This is a common experience of those who have been caught back at the last instant from death by drowning; it occurs also to those who

are on the threshold of death in other ways and yet return. The explanation, I think, undoubtedly is the light of the higher consciousness breaking through as the body crumbles, revealing Time again as the Eternal Now. The dying man looks up and sees the past, present, and future fused into a picture in which all parts are simultaneous. They are one and always were. Yoga again, and the explanation of clairvoyance, prophecy, and many more of the strange signals the true occult flings out to assure us that Reality is there for the finding!

That a flash here and there of truth can be caught by the man whose objective self is strangled in the grip of narcosis is a most interesting fact, but I need hardly say it is no recommendation to making the great escape into Reality in that particular way. None of these things offers the true road. How should they? I think even those dullings and lullings of the objective self in East and West to which I have alluded in this chapter are a serious risk and damage to the body,—the instrument by which the psyche of man manifests,—and in obscurer ways than that are also a peril.

How should people who live the ordinary lives of Western civilization hope to see into what is described in the East by those who know, as "the Formless, the Beautiful, the Utterly Desirable"? To injure the body, to force a glimpse of the higher consciousness by mechanical means is no true way to the enfranchisement of the psyche. Many voluptuaries in psychic sensation have discovered this to their cost. It is in the union of the best, the highest, the simplest, in the union of body, mind, and psyche, that the Way lies and in that only, and in studying the principles of Yoga this is forcibly brought before the student. In an article published before I had resolved to write fully on these hidden matters I said:

"But where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding? In small beginnings, in a certain personal austerity and circumspectness (in the East they call it recollectedness) which need not be ostentatious, which is not disquieted by passion or opinion. This the great faiths have taught. They recognized with true psychological instinct that here

was a gate to the eternal Way, to looking upon the lower satisfactions of life as stranglers of the real joys. More than half our troubles come from trying to adapt man to his environment instead of his environment to man. The wise asceticism is a perpetual appeal to joy. It throws aside the useless burdens. I reflect on the teaching of the wise of all nations and I recall none who has not taught that self-discipline is what makes the man the master of his fate in the only way in which he need care to rule it. Meng-Tsu, one of the wise men of China, wise in her antiquity, said a rememberable thing in this connection:

“ ‘That in which men differ from beasts is a thing very inconsiderable; the wise are wise because they preserve it carefully.’

“It is a stern saying. It recognizes, with Froude’s definition of the Roman stoic, that ‘men who are the slaves of their habits are miserable and impotent, and insists that personal inclinations shall be subordinated. It prescribes plainness of life that the number of our necessities shall be as few as possible, and in placing the happiness of life in intellectual and

moral action it destroys the temptation to sensual gratification.' ”

So runs the creed of the great Romans. And this is the only safe and eternal way to the true occult—to the Land concealed by the dazzling phantasmagoric show of the senses. That there are bypaths none can deny and they must be stated in any honest study of the occult, but there is only one safe way, and it is encouraging to remember that all the faiths have marked that truth on their charts however they may have differed in matters of less importance. The type of man thus produced is the only hope of a race worthy to inherit the universe in the sense of developing the higher consciousness which alone can save us from our blunderings in the darkened cave of the senses in which we live. Do we breed such men in our teeming cities? Have not even the revelations of science based on the material and physical helped to rivet our fetters more closely by making self-indulgence and “pleasure” more attainable to the many as well as to the few?

I am not preaching a sour austerity—many of the pleasures of life are lovely and innocent

and lead directly to the doors of the true occult. But they are the simple ones.

Often in Japan, for instance, I have watched the crowds who stream out to share in the delight of the seasonal blossomings—unconsciously drinking in the occult and mystic influences of nature. I recall a day in autumn in a beautiful place beyond Kyoto when the maples had broken into their utmost glorious conflagration of russet red, rose red, fiery red, burning far away over the hills and reflecting themselves in a lake and a little river as if the very earth could not contain their splendor and they flung it on into a purer element.

Many hundreds of Japanese families had come out to see the wonder, not in any noisy or drunken way of enjoyment but simply to sit and absorb it quietly. Whole families from children to grandparents. It was impossible to avoid a feeling of envy for one's own country in seeing that sight and the evident feelings it produced. I remembered those who knew and who had said to me, "Every Japanese child is a potential artist." That is a glittering generality which, like others, may not be wholly true, but

I myself believe it to be very largely true, and such things as I have described confirmed me in the belief. And if it be true, let it be remembered that art, not misused, is a straight highway to one of the gates of the Land behind the Looking Glass.

Thus, as I have quoted above, what is seen is one with him who sees, and, in the words of a Chinese thinker, "the secret of art lies in the artist,"—and all art, all beauty, all the true roads to the Land behind the Looking Glass must begin with entire self-obedience and forgetfulness of the ego that it may recognize itself as a part of the whole. That condition is the Guardian of the Gate and those who search for realization of the true occult know this with passion.

Hear the cry of Blake—he who was among the greatest of occultists, who was free to come and go in the Land behind the Looking Glass after his fashion:

I will go down to self-annihilation and eternal Death,
Lest the last Judgment come and find me unannihilate

'And I be seized and given into the hands of my own selfhood.

There is indeed no darker hell, for, while it persists, the very psyche of man is shriveled in its flames and the five senses hold him with the five red-hot fetters of ignorance. Very poor foreshadowings indeed are the unconscious flashes of revelation set beside the steadily ordered purpose of a lifetime, building by the tools of discipline step by step before a man the upward way upon which the feet may be planted in safe foreseeing certainty. Only such a man, after such a preparation, conscious in this life, forgotten but evolved in preceding lives, is fit to be trusted with the hidden powers. And that this is true the long history of aberrations and crimes in the occult witnesses, together with the longer history of ruin under the influences of drugs, especially of narcotics.

SELF-REALIZATION

From "The Way of Power"

MUCH of section one is composed of quotations from studies of their faith, written by great Indians, ancient and modern.

The first definite rule is that a man must labor steadfastly at the duties he has chosen or that have chosen him, and that, doing this faithfully, the results must not trouble him.

I

IT IS taught in India that there are four roads, by each of which Yoga may be attained: perfect Yoga being understood to signify the concentration on or union with the universal Self which produces Realization, release from ignorance, liberation of the soul, and the powers. They are the Way of Action, the Way of the Intellect, the Way of Love and Devotion, and the Royal Yoga, which leads directly to the possession of the supernormal powers. A little should be said of each of the first three before passing on to the last, for it is not everyone who can, even if he would, devote himself to the hard discipline there prescribed, and there is a way for all—even for the very simple or the highly intellectual—to approach the knowledge of the powers latent within himself. I have thought that the well-known parable of the Christ referring to the men who possessed the talents alludes to this very thing, for all have this mine within themselves if they care to dig for the

silver, gold or diamonds it contains, each in their relative value. One man is condemned by the Christ because he hid his talent in a napkin and did not trouble himself further; the others made varying uses of theirs, and the moral drawn is the necessity of diligence in the pursuit of the real Wisdom.

There is a beautiful Indian parable illustrating the truth that each of these Yogas, or disciplines, leads straight to possession of the supernatural powers of body, mind, and spirit:

A king in India used to demand of every great ascetic who possessed all the occult powers, "Which is the greater man—he who gives up the world to attain them or he who lives in the world and performs his duties as a householder?" Some said, "He who gives up the world." But when he demanded proof they could not prove this and he compelled them to marry and become householders. There came one day an ascetic with a face of wisdom, and on the king's questioning him he replied:

"The householder and he who forsakes the

world are equally great: each in his own way. Come with me and I will prove it."

And the king agreed.

So they went on a long journey to the chief city of another kingdom and there was all the rejoicing tumult of a high festival, for the beautiful princess, daughter of the king, was to choose her husband according to the ancient custom of India. Amid the assembled court and in view of the people she would throw a garland about the neck of her choice and none would question her will. And the king and the ascetic stood to see what she would do. Near them stood a young ascetic of such amazing beauty that the eyes of all followed him, and when the princess was borne in, radiant in loveliness, she, too, saw him, and cast her garland about his neck, thus choosing him for her husband. And the crowd rejoiced, for his was a heart-winning and spiritual beauty. He took the garland from his neck and gave it to her, saying with calm:

"My heart is fixed on other things. To me this is nothing." And he left the assembly, making his way to the great forest, leaving behind

him love, beauty, wealth, and a kingdom, as if all were dross.

The princess sprang from her jeweled throne and followed him on foot, drawn by Love, the great Seducer, but he neither turned nor looked at her and so going steadfastly onward was lost in the forest; and there the king and his teacher, when they followed, found her sobbing and alone. And it was late in the evening.

So, taking pity, they said to her:

"Here is a great tree. We will all rest under it and tomorrow we will restore you to your father."

A bird's nest was in the tree where he lived with his wife and three nestlings. And looking down he saw and said:

"Wife, what must we do? Here are guests and it is winter and they have no fire to warm them." So he flew away and finding a small burning stick dropped it before them, and they lighted a fire.

Still watching, he said:

"Wife, they have no food. On us lies the duty as householders and hosts of providing it. I must do my part, I will give them my body."

And he flew down into the flame and was killed, and the bird-wife seeing this, said:

“Here are three persons and only one little bird for them to eat—it is not enough. Also it is my duty to second my husband’s endeavor.”

So she, too, flew down into the fire, and the little ones accepting it as their duty also followed the example their parents had set them and fulfilled the guest-right, going cheerfully to death.

The princess, the king, and the ascetic could neither eat nor sleep in beholding the action of the creatures who showed such high nobility. And next morning the two men restored her to her father. Then said the *sannyasin* (ascetic) to the traveling king:

“You have now seen that each is equally great in his own place. If you live in the world, hold yourself ready like these birds at all times to sacrifice yourself for the love of others. If you renounce the world resemble that young man whom neither love nor beauty nor wealth could tempt from the straight way of the spirit.

But remember this always: The duty of the one is never the duty of the other."

And the king went home, comprehending. So ends the parable.

Now, this first means of approach to the true occult is so simple as to be within reach of all who have the faintest glimpse of desire for progress and power in the only world that is real—the world of the Hidden, the Beautiful, the True—the universe of Power. It is called the Yoga of Action. And the first instruction is: Consider your ideal—the self which you would be if you could choose. Consider it even from the point of view of the so-called palpable world about you, and having considered proceed to realize it in yourself. It may be very far from a perfect ideal but at the moment it is your best and therefore it clearly indicates the path along which you must travel to the Land behind the Looking Glass. No two ideals can be, or indeed ought to be, the same, and this was recognized in India in the four great divisions of caste to which I must not diverge at present.

The first definite rule is that a man must

labor steadfastly at the duties he has chosen or that have chosen him, and that, doing this faithfully, the *results* must not trouble him. They are not his concern. Example. Benefit others in so far as it is possible, but do not let the question of their gratitude or ingratitude trouble you. Accomplish to the limit of your powers, but if they attract the world's notice set no value on the fame they bring. That is not your concern, and the reason why it is not is obvious. The desire for fame is one of those things on which the sense of personality, selfhood, egoism, feeds and fattens. Therefore it stands as a lion in the way of achievement in a system which demands oblivion of self and realization of union.

It is unnecessary to recite the moralities common to all humanity (it may almost be said) of duties to parents, husband, wife, children, friends, the poor, and as a citizen. But there are instructions in this Indian system of Yoga as a means to an end which differ from the Christian ideal and are certainly worth consideration.

The householder is to work as an ordinary

man at his profession and the things which concern him and his family. The profession must not be one which in itself implies wrongdoing. He must do his best to succeed in his profession and the acquisition of wealth by fair means is in no way forbidden. He is to be a center in life and in social matters and the distribution of his wealth along right lines will advantage all. The householder who acquires wealth by good means and for good purposes is walking the Way (though it is another Way) to the same end as surely as the ascetic. In him we see a different aspect of the selfsame virtues of self-surrender and self-oblivion. He must not gamble, however; he must not move in the companionship of the wicked; he must speak the truth always. He must speak gently. He must not be the cause of trouble to others. The householder by aiding great social aims goes toward the same goal as the greatest yogin beyond the bondage of the three spheres. If the householder dies in battle fighting for his country and faith he comes to the same goal as the yogin does by meditation.

But now comes the difficult part. The free-

dom of the soul is the goal of all Yoga, however reached. By action men may attain the same goal which the Christ gained as a Bhakti (the path of utter love and devotion) or the Buddha as a Jnana (that of high intellect and philosophy). But how is he who lives and works in the ordinary concerns of the world "to free his soul"?

He is to work like a master, not a slave; his work is never to bind or attach his soul. It is all to be done through freedom and love, for all selfish work is slave's work. When a man can love his wife, children, countrymen, mankind, the world and the universe, and when his actions spring from that root, he is a true yogin of work, and his spirit is unattached and winged.

Do you ask a return from your children for what you have done for them? Do so no more. Work for them and let the matter end there. In what you do for persons, cities, or the state, expect nothing in return. If you hold the position where all you give is given without the least thought of return and as a free offering to the world, then your work will never bind you.

Attachment follows only when return is expected.

So in the sacrifice made by the householder-birds in the parable quoted above, no fetters held them to life and they were free as the immortal gods. Surely the Yoga of action, of the man who lives in the world, is at least as difficult as that of the ascetic, and it is no wonder that it should lead him straight into the hidden heart of Reality and Power.

And here I will use another Indian parable which illustrates this Yoga of action.

A young sannyasin had given himself to the strictest Raja Yoga discipline. Meditating in the forest one day some leaves fell about him and looking up he saw a crow and crane fighting. Fury possessed him at the insult to his quiet, and a flash of fire shot from his head and destroyed the birds. He rejoiced to recognize power and to feel himself a yogin of full attainment. He went into the town to beg his bread as usual and, at the entrance of a house, called: "Mother [the usual Indian address], give me food."

"Wait a little, my son," said a voice from within.

Pride at once assailed him and in his heart he thought:

"Wretched woman—how dare you keep me waiting!"

Instantly the voice answered:

"You are thinking too much of yourself. Here is no case of the crow and the crane."

Dumb with astonishment at this, he waited until the woman came with her alms and then he fell at her feet.

"Mother, how could you know?"

She answered:

"My son, I know no Yoga practices. I am an ordinary woman, but all my life have struggled to do my best. My husband was ill. I could not leave him and so you had to wait. And such duties, as daughter and wife, are all the Yoga I have ever practiced. But since I know so little, go on and you will find a butcher from whom you may learn much."

And he was horrified and startled because in India the butchers belong to the class of the

"untouchables." There are none so low. But he could do nothing but go on until he saw before him the butcher at his revolting work. And looking at the young sannyasin the man said:

"The woman sent you to me. Be seated, please, until I am ready."

He waited, and the butcher finished his day by serving his parents and then turned to the sannyasin.

The young man questioned him on the high subjects of Yoga and in answer the butcher spoke like one inspired, delivering a discourse that contained the highest flights and concentrated essence of the Vedanta philosophy. And when he had finished his great teaching, the young ascetic asked:

"Sir, why, with your knowledge, do I find you thus?" And the man answered:

"No duty is ugly; none is impure. To this I was born, to this devoted. But I have done my best, and I serve my parents and fulfill my duty as a householder. I know no Yoga, nor have I ever left the world. But illumination has

found me because I have worked with a spirit free and unattached.”

This parable perfectly illustrates the point that the feeble may confute the wise. These two, the woman and the butcher, had received the great Illumination. So much for the Yoga of Action.

Next follows the Yoga of Intellect, and here I own I always picture the mathematicians leading with their pure and austere knowledge, though of course it is not necessarily so. This is the Yoga that walks fearlessly along the mountain peaks of the highest intellect, which from its own altitudes sees through and over the lies of the senses and knows that the world is far other than it appears. Here I must use the word “maya”—so often used in the Western world to signify “illusion” in the belief that such is its Sanskrit signification. But its real meaning may more truly be described as “phenomena,” and as representing the world of appearances which the untrustworthy senses report to us. They are not illusions, though an Indian sect at one time argued that point of

view, but they are things wrongly perceived through a medium which presents them to us as they are not, so that we take them as it were by the wrong handle and cannot use them as we should and could if we knew them as they are.

There is a passage from one of the ancient Indian books which sums up the meaning of maya very finely.

"Because we talk in vain and are satisfied with the things of the senses, and because we are running after desires, therefore we cover the reality as it were with a mist."

And again in one of the ancient books:

"Know nature to be Maya, and the Mind, the ruler of this Maya, to be the Lord himself."

Now, in a very deep sense the highest, most piercing, most searching form of intellect may most truly become the Lord of Maya, in the sense that it may by sheer luminance of insight so light up the misleading forms which the senses offer us as to make them transparent and see through them to the truth behind. Of this form of Yoga the Buddha is the highest known example.

He had practiced the ascetic discipline of the Raja Yoga, but certainly also he cast it aside, perceiving another path upon which his super-normal intellect could lead him. There is nothing more interesting to those who care for such things than to study the deep reasoning contemplation to which he gave himself under the Tree and to read the stages by which it soared through all the clouds and mists of the senses until it reached the (to others) almost unbearable illumination of pure truth—naked but radiant. Naturally the powers followed such strength like tamed hounds, and from his height he surveyed them and found them comparatively meaningless because he beheld things so far above and beyond them.

There is no intellect, probably, that could tread the path of the Buddha, but such insight into causes clears the way for other minds belonging in their lesser degree to the same order, and this is the road that the great philosophers, mathematicians, scientists, and others like them may tread to the Land behind the Looking Glass. They will search into the question of man's boasted "individuality," and will find

that it does not exist. The body is a flux of constantly changing particles, the mind an ever-changing whirlpool passing from the imbecility of the infant to the imbecility of unmemoried old age, and through all this maya they will pierce and find their way to the One and Unchanging of which we are all a part. They will realize at last, by their sheer power of destroying interposing veils by reasoning, that the "individuality" of man is a distortion of the truth; that only infinite Spirit is individual, that nothing infinite can ever be divided or changed, and that every man is in himself the infinite, the unchanging, though the phenomena of life, while they are believed to be real, make him appear to change, like colored lights playing upon white surfaces.

And when a man has realized this he knows that the universe is his, and he and the secret places of the universe are as open to him as the street in which he lives—and more so—and the occult is the happy alphabet of the new language the psyche in him has learned to speak. Of course he cannot tell all he knows, for, as has been said, it takes two to tell the truth—the

one to hear and the other to speak—and there are not many yet capable of hearing the truths that the yogin who has trodden the road of reasoning can tell. “There are a few whose eyes are not darkened with dust. They will hear. None others.”

It would not be suitable or possible to open here all the high teachings on this head. They need a volume of their own. Their watchword is realization of the great truth, “Thou art That.” By pure intellect and reason a man may gain the truth that the universe is one and he one with it, and having gained this eternal foothold he knows the central truth of the central thought of ancient India.

“He that seeth about him the manifold goes from death to death.”

He who sees the One has beheld the Vision and holds the power in the hollow of his hand. So much for the intellect and reason.

The third Yoga is known as Bhakti Yoga, and this way is open to all who possess passionate love and devotion to the occult, the Hidden Treasure. There is no Yoga that is not based on renunciation, for the reason that the

individual self must be forgotten or it obscures all the rest of the universe. But this third Yoga dreams on self-renunciation, adores it, is absorbed in it. It sends rays of love to all that lives and moves and has its being, and in a sense this is the easiest Yoga of all because no renunciation is difficult where there is love. If a man loves the marvelous animal life which lives beside us and which, as Cardinal Newman said, man as a whole understands less than he does the archangels, is it difficult to him to refrain from killing, wounding, maltreating those whom science knows to be our brothers, or slaying them for food? No, indeed. And it may be added that their lover secures for himself joys wholesome, clean, uplifting to the true Yoga and understanding, which the man with a gun or knife can never know. If the heart is given to another all service for him is pure and exquisite joy, and so, in reading the lives of the saints, Eastern or Western, one sees that actual pain became pleasure when the call of the Divine was heard. The martyrs swept the flames about them like water, the tortures of the dungeons were assuaged with secret pas-

sionate incomprehensible joys. And, as the Swami Vivekananda has said, the path of love is the easiest advance to the higher consciousness because the lover does not lament the loss of what he has left behind. I myself should add that nothing is ever left behind—all is included and carried on. (I condense.)

“A man loves his own city, then his country, and the intense love for his little city subsides smoothly, naturally. He learns to love the whole world and his fanatical patriotism for his own country drops off without pain. An uncultured man loves the pleasures of the senses, then, as he becomes cultured, he begins to love intellectual pleasures, and sense-enjoyments mean less and less to him. So, when he gets into a plane higher than the intellect or that of inspiration he finds a state of bliss in which all pleasures of the senses and even the intellect become as nothing. When the moon shines the stars dim.

“And when this love and adoration reach supreme devotion the man is free. He resembles the ship in the fable which coming near the magnetic rock lost all its iron bars and

bolts, and his fetters drop. The adorer, the lover of the highest, need not suppress his emotions [as in the other Yogas] but needs only to intensify and direct them to the highest."

When this point is attained the yogin sits smiling, enthroned above pain or change. I suppose in our own Scriptures that St. John may be taken as the type of the Bhakti-yogin, the man who has attained through utter love and devotion; and it is very clear that he was regarded by the early Christians as a mighty master of the powers, as much as, if not more than, St. Paul, who may rather be regarded as a yogin of pure intellect. This is not to say that the yogin of intellect does not love and that the yogin of love is incapable of reason, but each has trodden a different road to the occult. Both have lost the impeding ego, though by different inspirations.

I might give many illustrations of the three great paths of Yoga which have been trodden in the West, though perhaps with a less definite consciousness of the goal ahead than in the East, but I have said enough to indicate their significance and to urge some readers to study

these ways in a deeper degree for themselves. It cannot be denied that in these three there is a way for everyone to the occult and the powers, from the simplest to the greatest and most highly developed soul.

In the following chapters¹ I treat of a Yoga far less known and practiced in the West than in the East, though in many a lonely monastery and cloister in Europe the road was unconsciously and therefore ignorantly followed which guides the eagle flight of the psyche to union and the powers. Yet let it not be thought that Raja Yoga—the Royal Yoga—is greater in any way than the other three. It may perhaps in some respects be a straighter if a harder road, though even that is open to question. What may be said to anyone whom the irresistible music of the unseen draws is this: Take the road in which you can move most simply, steadfastly, and easily to attainment. Each has his own Yoga.

¹ In the volume *The Way of Power*, from Chapter IX on. [Ed.]

II

He who has the entry to the Land behind the Looking Glass may do what he will.

I NOW pass on to the strange and ancient system of training and discipline by which India taught the science of concentration which she considered the key to reunion with the forces of the universe and therefore control of the powers which in India are called the *siddhis* and in the West are (so far as they have been heard of) connected with the occult and the miraculous.

I need scarcely say how profoundly I was interested on finding that in India has been built up for ages a perfect and coherent system of self-education, the gymnastic of the "occult" powers which rightly used lead to the highest attainment but in any case to the Key of the Land behind the Looking Glass where all the good things wait to be chosen. I have dwelt on the adventures which await the entrant there in a novel I have just finished, and they are

all true to this teaching. Attainment, far other than is possible in this thwarted world we have created out of our physical sense-perception, is not only possible but certain there, for those who think the effort worth long pains and trouble along the lines indicated in this book.

This subject is such an enormous one, ramifying into every department of life, that I feel I can give only the silken thread with which the beetle climbed painfully upward to the prisoner in the tower. But at least the thread is silken, and the coiled rope lies below it.

And I hope that this very truncated statement may not be quite useless in aiding realization of the truth that what desires and hopes are in a man he has the power to supply, not derived from any supernatural being but from his own relation to the forces of the universe. He who has the entry to the Land behind the Looking Glass may do what he will. And as I learned from personal experience it ceased to be astonishing that in Indian teaching the utmost stress was laid upon the comradeship of the body in the adventure. They said:

“The body is the boat which will carry us to

the other shore of the Ocean of Life. So it must be taken care of and kept free from all disease. Never was there a wise man who had not to reject pleasures and enjoyments of the senses to acquire his wisdom."

No doubt the first wish is to develop the body's powers for the body's own sake. That wish is soon forgotten when it is realized as an instrument of the psychic. I read with complete understanding in the ancient books of India that a human being is a channel for the flow of that ocean of power which vibrates and billows through the universe, that if the channel is kept clear the flow will be eternal, that if it is choked the flow will be delayed to the man's great detriment and loss until slowly and painfully he reaches higher stages of development. How he uses this force when he achieves it is his own responsibility. The world has had examples of many sorts of choice and their results. India has always taught in parables the doctrine of evolution of the body and soul. That of the body is taught perhaps most clearly in the wonderful birth stories of the Buddha, where he is represented as evolving slowly up-

ward from the lower planes of life, gathering and developing the experiences of each as he climbs along the chain of evolution. The doctrine of psychic evolution is of course taught almost throughout Asia in the parable of reincarnation, which conveys an idea, impossible to be stated definitely in human terms, of the soul's return to the schoolroom of life experience until it is fully developed and capable of reunion with the Source.

It will be interesting to give a list of some of the powers which the highest authority of ancient India declares are attainable by a man who follows the bodily and spiritual discipline laid down for the purpose of psychic attainment. And if it be objected that these are miracles and that there are no such things as miracles, India fully endorses the latter statement:

"There are no such things as miracles. There is nothing superhuman, but humanity is in itself a part of all the power of the universe and recognizing this and living by the law that guides it can develop ability to use the same force as that which drives the tides, the winds,

and more. There have been men who knowing this have used and use these powers in higher and lower degrees, and the day will surely come when this force will be more generally studied and understood in its full normality and transcendent power.

“The man disciplined and obedient to the law can know all that is in another man’s mind by using the proper means. A man disciplined may apparently vanish. He does not really vanish but none will see him. This can be done only by one who has gained by concentration the power in which the form and the things formed can be separated. Such a man can enter a dead body and make it arise and move even while he himself is inhabiting his own. Or he can enter a living body and direct that man’s mind and organs and for the time being act through the body of that man. For each individual mind is but a part of the universal mind though from ignorance it believes itself separate and can therefore only work through the nerve currents of its own body. Therefore when a man has freed himself from the nerve currents of his own body he can work through

other bodies also. Such a man does not sink in water. He can walk on thorns. He can die at will. When he wills, light can flash from his body. His body can acquire the lightness of air and he can pass from point to point."

When a man is *born* with these powers it is because he has reached that stage of evolution. There are other powers, but I mention these for they will recall the misnamed "miracles" of the Christian religion (now so discredited) and of the other great faiths. What if these people were right? What if they were true manifestations of a law forgotten and discredited now in the West and perhaps slipping slowly into oblivion in the Orient?

What if the Indian thinkers were right who said, "The soul is the only reality and we have forgotten it. The body is a dream and the average man thinks he is all body"?

It would follow from that fact that the dimly perceived powers which we call occult are the natural right and heritage of every man, and the achievement of those who care to develop the seeds latent within them into growth, blossom, and fruit.

It should be remembered that science along various lines is making a steady approach to the certainty that the universe in all its manifestations is not bounded by the conceptions of it presented by our senses. Mathematicians, physicists, all are breaking a way through. It may be distant but they also will one day proclaim the truth so magnificently stated in the ancient books of India:

Never the spirit was born. The Spirit shall cease to be,
never.

Never was time it was not. End and beginning are
dreams.

Birthless and deathless and changeless abideth the
spirit for ever.

Death cannot touch it at all, dead though the house
of it seems.

If India has solved the problem, the occult is to be understood and used but with the deep caution that every increased responsibility throws upon a man, for power is always danger or deliverance. In the beginning—the training of the body seems a very little thing for ends so extraordinary—I can only repeat what the greatest Indians have taught: Experiment if

you like, but with caution, for many bodies are so degraded and weakened with wrong usage that they can only respond with difficulty and danger or perhaps not at all to a higher law of life. Such must await their hour. The wish to achieve is at all events something which will bear fruit further along the chain of evolution. But remember that the reward of wandering from the right path is perilous in the extreme. A true teacher is needed and experiments should never be attempted alone.

And the warning is issued by a great Indian: "In modern times many so-called teachers of Yoga have arisen in all countries, who are worse than those of India because the latter know something while these modern exponents know nothing." I repeat that in many sects and groups in the West people are playing with great forces which they do not understand. And much modern psychoanalysis is working on mistaken lines. It deals with the vacillations of the mind and of the subconscious self. Yoga is intended to cultivate that power in the mind of looking back steadily into its own depths and

deeper, until every process of the physical, the intellectual, and the psychic lies like an unraveled skein of silk before the student, and the powers, though not the object, are naturally the result of this insight and knowledge.

III

But there is not and never can be an easy system of acquiring psychological knowledge.

IT IS my own opinion that the West, now searching even passionately for a clue to the mysteries of psychology, will do very well to listen to the voice of India on the subject.

It will not be perfection, for it has filtered through the human medium and human language as is the case with every pronouncement of every faith, but there is much to be learned from it, especially in some of its strange fore-seings of the conclusions of modern science and its equally strange departures from them in cases where it is impossible for all but the deeply initiated and those who have attained the higher consciousness to pronounce which view is ultimately right. Having said this and thus indicated some of the difficulties, I proceed, and I say in truth that I never meet a Western psychologist (and I have met many) without feeling against how blank an opposi-

tion they must contend; how poor, how material are the theories they offer in place of practical guidance in the ways of comprehension. To repeat the analogy I have used throughout these chapters, the Western psychologist is brought up all standing against the hard glittering surface of the Mirror in which our senses reflect the world about us. The Eastern psychologist passes through this, as if it were mist, to the reality which lies behind. I hope I shall be able to make a part of this ancient system of psychology clear and comprehensible, though I realize that I can say only enough to set others on a track which leads far and higher and in which the *motive* of research matters profoundly.

I must say in beginning that it is bound up with the most ancient form of religious thought in India, and I cannot wholly ignore that, though I shall dwell on it as little as possible. But just as when in the West we speak of visions, dreams, and telepathic occurrences, we must cite such notable religious examples as Joan of Arc, St. Theresa, Francis of Assisi, William Blake, Walt Whitman, and others who

have possessed what ~~is~~ technically called "the higher consciousness," so in giving this great Indian system one cannot wholly ignore the relation to religion—for I repeat that always there is something in deeply felt religion which plays like a skilled musician on what I may call "the psychic nerve," exciting it to its highest harmonies and powers.

In the West, it has been truly said, we never troubled ourselves with examining scientifically the question of why these supernormal experiences happened to these people and their like. We did not at all understand them, did not like them, and were inclined to think them a form of mild or intense religious mania, which no one would wish for himself or for his relations, though it might be well enough if it had happened long enough ago to be placed on the respectable footing of Biblical miracles, which could be comfortably taken as occasions of direct Divine intervention and the suspension of all law and order. If anyone had said to us, "The miracles of the Christ, St. Paul, Joan of Arc, the visions of William Blake, of Boehme the cobbler, and so forth, were per-

factly natural things, manifestations of a law as natural as that which governs the radio set in every house, and they were born to these powers because of experiences in past lives," we should have thought this statement either irreverent or entirely incredible unless the person so speaking was prepared to show us the way in which the whole thing works. This, India has been always prepared to do. She comes into the open with her system of psychology, and takes her stand under this statement: "Some men are born with these powers because they have earned realization of them in former lives. Others must earn them by discipline and training. As to credibility: direct perception, inference, and competent evidence are proofs." If you will concede that these are sufficient, she will state the psychologic law as she has tested it and as you may test it for yourself.

But there is not and never can be an easy system of acquiring psychological knowledge. Many, as in the study of modern science, have fallen victims by the way. I had a friend who was a pioneer in the medical use of the X ray. First, one finger, then a hand, then an arm was

attacked by cancer and finally he died, his life generously spent in blazing the trail for others. So with this Indian science of psychology, where the body is compelled to a discipline not to be exceeded in rigor by the strictest monasticism ever laid down in the West for unconsciously following the same winged hope. The hope is there but the way is often dangerous.

The great authority—or rather the authority which collected knowledge and opinions on this psychology in the second century B. C. (for it is said to be four thousand years old) is an Indian known by the name of Patanjali, whose *Yoga Aphorisms* survive to this day as the foundation stone of the science of psychology which in India is named Raja Yoga—or the Royal Yoga—the word Yoga signifying union or concentration since it is only by union and concentration with or through the forces of nature that results can be achieved. It must not be thought that Patanjali was the originator of this system. He only collected the experience, already very ancient, of many experimenters. I shall draw on his words for what I am about

to say, and on those of deeply learned disciples of his philosophy who themselves constantly experienced what is known in India as *samadhi*—i.e., the state of higher consciousness in which perception beyond all reason is possible.

To begin with, India wholly denies that so-called “miracles,” “answers to prayer,” and the strange powers of faith are due to any supernatural intervention. She says: “Yes, they happen. They are imitated, faked, but they happen and abundantly, only they are never supernatural, for nothing exists in the Universe which is not obedient to the law of Nature.” India states that belief in the possibility of supernatural interferences with law inculcates fear, superstition, and therefore cruelty. It belongs to the dark places of the earth and must be cast out by the clear daylight of knowledge.

But there are in nature gross manifestations of force and subtle ones. The subtle ones are the causes, the gross the effects. The gross can be perceived by the senses, the subtle by a consciousness in ourselves which requires cultivation and discipline, conscious or unconscious, before it can open its eyes and see. And because

the higher branches of this Way are at least as difficult and new to the unskilled as (for instance) climbing the Alps, India holds that a teacher is a necessity, and that only certain lower branches of the discipline can be studied in safety alone. With this reservation she offers what she calls a science of the mind, and says the mind itself is the instrument by which the mind must be observed. The powers of the mind are like rays of light cast abroad, illuminating a vast space; but when concentrated and condensed they form a beam so powerful that, flung on any subject, they will illuminate it to translucence. Thus, to understand the mind and its powers the searchlight of the mind itself must be turned inward and steadily focused; and, if you come to think of it, that is the one thing which in the West we are never trained to do. Our whole system of education turns our minds to external things, the common branches of learning, observation of the world about us, and so forth. But to concentrate mental observation on the mind itself, to force it to self-analysis, is a thing rarely or never done in the West, where there is not one man in millions

who can focus his mind on its own powers and, understanding, use them.

So the goal of this ancient science is concentration on the mind and its powers, and it demands no faith or belief. It only demands trial and the hard discipline and training which would be needed for passing some high and difficult examination where body, mind, and spirit participated in the competition.

It is natural that a great part of the discipline must be physical. Everyone knows roughly that if he wants to be clearheaded it is not wise to eat a heavy meal and wash it down with abundant alcohol. He may deduce a good deal from that broad statement if he thinks it over carefully. The Germans have an excellent punning proverb, "Was man isst, das ist er" ("What a man eats, that he is"), and in this connection it is very true. Therefore a discipline which insists that the mind is intimately connected with the body and is actually a finer part of it will insist also that as the mind undoubtedly acts on the body, so the body also acts on the mind. It states that we have very little control of our mind, because of the powerful pull of the body,

and that not until the body is sufficiently controlled can we compel the mind to focus on what we will. Now remember that according to this teaching the external world as we see it is only the gross form of the real and subtle world. Therefore the man who has learned to pierce through the external forms to the real, and to manipulate them, is about to learn how to do things which will appear supernatural to the man who sees only the gross forms discoverable by the senses; he must face all the sacrifices of the explorer and pioneer. Western science is always trying to get back to the unit out of which all the outward forms of the universe appear. Raja Yoga, on the contrary, starts from the unit to study internal nature and acquire mastery over it.

The path of attainment in Raja Yoga as in Buddhism is divided into eight steps.

Life must be extremely simple, sane and wholesome. As a first step the student is trained and tested by the commands that there must be no slaughter for food and that truthfulness, honesty, continence, and the avoidance of luxury must be made the basis of life.

The next step is the practice of extreme cleanliness of mind and body, contentment, renunciation of such practices as stand in the way of concentration, study, and self-surrender to discipline. To a student it must be impossible to injure any human being or animal by word, thought, or deed.

It will be noted that these two foundations of the science of psychology are moral, and India declares that without them no man can really attain control. She does not deny that a man may in certain conditions have sporadic sights and flashes of power, but he will not have *control*, and sooner or later such knowledge as he has acquired without control will turn and rend him and possibly others. Therefore it is a very dangerous thing to adventure in this path without the moral foundation of perfect self-control. And it can be seen, I think, how universally this truth has been recognized by the various religions (which are more or less schools of psychology) in the disciplines they have laid down for their pupils.

When the moral foundations are well and truly laid the next step is posture. Much dis-

cipline has to be worked through and a position easy and natural for the body must be found, and a man must choose that in which he can most easily forget his body, for it will be subjected to great changes during this discipline. Nerve currents will find new channels. New vibrations will be felt. And as the main part of these will be along the spinal column, that must be held free by sitting erect and holding the chest and throat and head in a straight line supported by the ribs. A man sitting slouched, with the chest caved in, cannot concentrate; it requires a certain alertness.

After posture comes breathing control. Stopping the right nostril with the thumb, inhale air through the left according to capacity, then without pause expel the air through the right, closing the left. Reverse the process, beginning with stopping the left nostril with the thumb, and so forth. Practice this with three or five inhalations and exhalations at four points of the day: before dawn, during midday, in the evening and at midnight. This is called the purifying of the nerves. The body must be kept in sound good health, for when it is not it obtrudes

itself and whines for attention. The thoughts must be as far as possible calmed and concentrated on the aim in view.

When this stage is mastered comes concentration on the control of the great world-force. The universe is composed of two forces, one of which is called *akasha*. Everything that has form is evolved from *akasha*—the heavenly bodies, human, animal, and plant bodies, all we see and sense. But this force in itself is subtle beyond ordinary perception and can be perceived only when it has taken form. In the beginning was nothing but *akasha*, at the end of the cycle all will melt into *akasha* again. And in the next "creation" all form will proceed from it.

How is *akasha* thus made manifest in form? By the power of *prana*, the infinite power manifesting itself as the sum total of all the forces in the universe, mental or physical. The different forms of energy are interchangeable and indestructible and their sum total remains the same throughout. At the end of a cycle these energies sleep and are potential. At the beginning of the next they wake, and the force behind prompts the different manifestations.

Therefore the understanding and control of this latent force opens the door of power. The question was asked in ancient India: "What is that which knowing we know all?" The answer is—this force which is generator of the universe.

To this end all the discipline of Raja Yoga is shaped, for the vital energy of all is this.

The reason for the training in breathing is that this is the flywheel setting the other energies of the body in motion. It is our most obvious connection with the Universe.

It is declared that after the first few months of steady effort one begins to find that the thoughts of people near one appear to one, at first dim and afterwards in clear picture forms. Or, concentrating all the energies upon something at a distance, a clear thought-form of it will appear in the mind. Or, concentrating the thoughts (say) on the sense of smell, one may perceive a beautiful perfume. Flashes of such perception will tend to strengthen courage, but it must be remembered they are only marks of progress, and the end is the "freeing of the soul," as it is technically called. We are to re-

often in old Indian stories and even in modern times, some place in the open air is chosen, a garden, a field, or perhaps best of all a forest. Some people will find the occult perfume of incense helpful; a secret the churches also have discovered. I do not care for it myself. In such a place gradually those vibrations will accumulate which the faiths have desired and have often gained in their sacred places, but in your own chosen place it will be individual, not congregational, and the vibrations will be your own vibrations at their steadily rising best, which means attunement with the vibration of the universe.

Of what sort should meditation be? Sometimes it partakes of recapturing the, as it were, dead memory of former lives.

You enter your place of quiet and relax. "Then you begin to think backward, passing over the events of the day in inverse order as though you were swimming up the stream of memory. At first you can only remember the incidents of the past few minutes, but the memory is astonishingly amenable to cultivation. You will find as you perform your medita-

tion for a few minutes to an hour a day that whereas at first you had to jump from stepping-stone to steppingstone of the more important events you will soon find yourself able to swim up the stream of thought smoothly, omitting no smallest detail in your memorizing backward." These you will increase to a week, a month, a year and as you diligently practice you will find your memory blossoming, until you can control the memory of the whole of your life and until even more opens before your mind.

And for another and most important form of meditation there is this, the practice of thoughts severally of love to all beings: of compassion for their suffering, of sympathy with the joy of all who are rightfully happy, and of aloofness from the deceits of the senses. "And in doing this you will know more than any intellectual appreciation can tell you how utterly true is the teaching of the illusion of the senses, for you will then see all they present to you as a little cloud upon the surface of that vast consciousness upon which you then function."

It is most important that all practice should invariably begin with these thoughts of peace

and good will sent out to all the world—but most especially to those against whom one may feel one has any grudge. There is a strong psychic as well as spiritual reason for this, because when the body is disturbed with any ripple of fear or anger it is poisoned. It cannot function in peace. We know that fear can kill, that the angry nursing mother can poison her

IV

But in Yoga all the different stages, physical, mental, spiritual, meditative, and so forth, lead scientifically and in gradual development to this state of higher consciousness in which the force and knowledge of the universe are open to a man as a treasury from which he may help himself according to his capacity.

NOW comes an interesting and compelling stage. India believes in something that may be summed up as the Omnipresent and All-penetrating, recognizing it as the quiescent energy which can be and is transmuted into form and force, and she believes also in a power which transforms or manifests this quiescent energy in the forms of the universe we know. This force manifests itself as what we call thought-force in the nerve currents of the body, and so down through all gradations to the lowest physical force.

Scientifically it is known that the different

forms of energy in the universe are interchangeable and indestructible, and their sum total of force is, I repeat, called in India *Prana*. The object of this discipline is to give control of this sum total of force.

Let us suppose—for there are of course great gradations in this knowledge—that a man partially understands the means of controlling this universal force. It must be realized that controlling this means controlling everything in the universe according to the degree of attainment. Knowing and understanding it, we know all in so far as we can receive knowledge. To acquire this control it has seemed to great Indian minds that any sacrifice was worth while, and this is the goal to which the true Yoga discipline steadily aims. But I cannot too often insist that in certain conditions and vibrations a quite untrained mind may have a flash of it and its power, and that this is as dangerous as for an ignorant man or an animal to play about with uninsulated electric wires. But in this system we may drill and discipline our own bodies and minds, and acquiring control of the little ripple of universal force which is ourselves launch

outward into the great ocean. Consider at this point how in all countries people are attempting to control this force without understanding its A B C; healers, hypnotists, and many more. Is it not wiser to learn the way? In India these studies are forbidden without a teacher.

The simple steps I have already given sound ridiculously inadequate to the aim, but what they give first is control of the muscles of the body, and that is very important in a world where everything is related with everything else. I used when a child to say that I could not imagine why health had not been made infectious instead of disease. I have learned that, rightly understood, it has. The vibrations of bodies can be transferred to one another for strengthening and healing. And as to personal control, as I have told of a modern Indian teacher skilled in this science, when in pain he was able to transfer his consciousness from the seat of pain and suffer no more. But in true healing it is not by rousing faith that the cure is accomplished; it is by raising the vibrations of the patient into concord with your own highest vibrations and there sustaining them. That

vibration will be a stronger or weaker one according to your stage of attainment. In some, historically recorded, it is tremendous, though taking very different forms and developments of power. Consider the different gradations in which men become channels of this universal force. We have some very eloquent educated speaker on religion and he fills his church or hall and there it ends. You get a camel driver in Arabia, Mohammed, and the consuming force in him became a sword that armed millions and may yet drench the world in blood and tears. You get a highly skilled admiral or general who wins or half wins a war by sea or land and dies and with a salute of guns is forgotten, and yet take Nelson, with such a whirling force in the frail little body of him that when he looked a man in the face, "The spirit of Nelson was on him and each was Nelson that day," and his name is immortally one with victory. Or Napoleon, the little shabby Corsican with those gray-blue eyes whose fire none could face unmoved, seeing in them the flame that was to devastate Europe.

We call this genius and wonder at its mys-

teries but need not. It is prana, the universal force, sometimes possessing, sometimes controlled by a man consciously, wisely, and helpfully, sometimes unconsciously and perilously, but always force irresistible. This is in truth a world of ideas, not of solidities, and must be interpreted by different and evolving stages of consciousness and not by any science of physics.

So, in learning to control the muscles and nerve currents of the body, balance and poise are learned and the equal distribution of force. And all this must be gradually done because the results involved are so stupendous, and though some achieve much in one life, others must evolve through many.

"Other heights in other lives," says Browning.

But through discipline and meditation lies the only way of direct attainment. Is it realized how little any of us use our minds and think at all? We watch a series of outside pictures imperfectly presented to our minds and there our mental life begins and ends.

Now comes a state which can only be believed through experiment. For all I know the

description may only be symbolic or a parable, but the result is there.

It is taught in India that along the spinal column is a nerve current on either side and a canal running through the spinal cord. At the base of this canal is a storage of nerve power which can be roused into action by the above discipline and, when roused, like a mounting tide, attempts to ascend this canal which runs through the spinal cord. As the tide of nerve power rises, layer after layer of mental power is opened until it reaches the brain, and the inner, the true self becomes detached from the bonds of the mind and the body and acquires control.

It is taught in this system that only those who are skilled in the discipline have opened this canal in the spinal column, but that the nerve currents on either side act in all, though uncontrolled. The opening of this canal for the transmission of power is perhaps the most important stage in the discipline. The way to it is regulated breathing, steadily practiced and gradually increased. Perfect rhythm must be attained in the body. The importance of rhythm

is being very gradually realized in the West. In Asia the very workman turns his blow or stroke or pull into pure rhythm, using generally some sacred word as the beat. So in the practice of Yoga it is usual to time and make rhythmic the breathing (as taught above) by using some sacred word as the beat. The one generally used is "Aum," the ancient word which represents the Trinity of Power, and this word flows in and out harmoniously with the breath, until both become automatic. This applies especially to the second lesson in breath, where measured breaths are taken, using the nostrils alternately, filling the lungs through each nostril in turn and exhaling the air through the other. It is claimed that the use of this exercise over a considerable time will result in such calming and rhythmic influences throughout the body that harsh lines disappear from the face and the tones of the voice assume new beauty.

And after this comes another stage. As you fill the left nostril with air, stopping the right nostril with the thumb, concentrate the mind on the nerve current it produces. Then close both nostrils with thumb and forefinger and

believe that you are sending the nerve current down the spinal column and striking on the store of force at its base. Hold it awhile. Believe then that you are slowly drawing out that nerve current with the breath into the other and taking the thumb off the right nostril expel the breath. Reverse the process and repeat. Unused as we are to full breathing in the West, this should be begun with only four seconds' inhalation (or less), retaining the air for sixteen seconds and expelling it in eight. Think always of the force at the base of the spinal column while you do this breathing. Four times in the morning and four in the evening are enough for the beginner, and the exercises must be very slowly increased as you find ease and pleasure in the practice. It is taught that along the lines of this discipline all the sexual forces can be eventually transmuted into purest energy and that this is why in all the faiths chastity has been proposed as the most exalted virtue—a circumstance otherwise difficult of explanation in some respects. This accounts for the fact that every great faith (or psychological school) has

instituted a monastic discipline, sometimes without clearly explaining, or even with misrepresentation of its reasons why under a recognized rule of men or women vowed to celibacy may very likely appear (as has often happened) the great psychological expert.

Then comes the next stage. The mind must be freed from being controlled by the representations of the senses.

The mind leaps about from thought to thought like a monkey in the boughs of a tree. It cannot fix or concentrate. It spills over on everything. You cannot hold it to one thought, for, slippery as an eel, it escapes you and is gone. You must unharness it from the hastily running pictures of the senses and by practice quiet it and reduce the waves to ripples and the ripples to a mirroring calm, and at this stage becomes possible the deep calm of concentrated meditation which in Asia is called "the one-pointed state of mind," when the mind, conscious of its grip that nothing can relax, clenches itself on to some chosen object, turns it inside out, sees it through and through, and absorbs it into perfect union.

And when this is attained the next step is to reharness the mind to far other things than the sense-impressions. Fix your mind (for practice) on some point in the body and imagine it as filled with light. It is good to focus on light because that supports the imagination in several obvious ways. At this stage sounds will be heard like music, seeds of light may be seen floating in the air. And so by this focusing and concentration every part of the body can be gradually brought under control. Men skilled in the discipline can bring the very heartbeat under perfect control. And when all these things are attained and the body is an obedient slave and no longer master comes the attainment of the higher consciousness which is called *samadhi*.

India teaches that beyond reason, beyond all mental powers, is a state of consciousness in which the highest wisdom and power are attainable.

I have described the threshold of this state as the higher consciousness and I have said before that a man may stumble into this state. He will then believe what he has learned to be an inspiration from outside himself or a divine inter-

vention, and will probably surround his knowledge with hallucinations, explaining it by such earthly knowledge as he has hitherto possessed. Take the case of Mohammed. He rose into this high consciousness, untrained, undisciplined. He reports that the angel Gabriel set him on the heavenly horse Harak and he visited the heavens. Yet that man beheld wonders of truth and in the Quran¹ truth and superstition are distractingly blended. So with many other famous instances.

But in Yoga all the different stages, physical, mental, spiritual, meditative, and so forth, lead scientifically and in gradual development to this state of higher consciousness in which the force and knowledge of the universe are open to a man as a treasury from which he may help himself according to his capacity. It is impossible that in a book like this I should do more than sketch the hasty outlines of a vast subject. I should say much more on meditation, its subjects and objects, on the patience necessary, the strict rule, and much else. For some the way is much easier and simpler than for others. I sup-

¹ Koran. [Ed.]

pose that is conditioned by the stage of evolution already reached. For all round us are souls in different degrees of evolution and the battle there, as always, is to the strong. I will give a short Indian parable which expresses the instant union that may befall some, for it has a general application.

A great yogin passed through a forest and by a man who had been sitting there long absorbed in discipline and meditation, and this devotee asked, "When shall I attain full knowledge?" The yogin replied, "In four more births," and the man wept in despair. So long yet! So little done! He passed another who asked the same question. He answered: "As many leaves as you see on this tree, so many births await you before you receive full knowledge." A flood of joy transfigured the questioner's face. "So soon? And I who have done so little!" And even as those words passed his lips he received full knowledge and enlightenment, for he had perceived the truth that time is nothing in the attainment of wisdom.

I feel I have said little and there is so much

which should be said. This austere Indian wisdom sounds very strangely in the clash and hurry of modern life. And when I give the following beautiful description of the true disciple of psychological science, it is like a lost music, exquisite but out of reach.

“Abiding alone in a secret place, without craving or without possession, he shall take his seat on a firm seat, and with the working of the mind and senses held in check, so let him meditate, and thereby reach the Peace. He who knows the boundless joy that lies beyond the senses and is grasped by intention, he who swerves not from the truth, is as a lamp in a windless place that does not flicker.”

Yet it is attainable and, to those who have attained even a little step, which of earth's prizes can seem worth a moment's consideration? Of them it may be said:

As men do children at their games behold,
And smile to see them, though unmoved and cold,
Smile at the recollected joys, and then
Depart and mix in the affairs of men.

So are those who have attained even a little knowledge of the psychological prizes awaiting

the seeker. Yes, these are truly the affairs of men. The world and its societies have been formed from chaos by men who have seen these things, have entered into Realization of them, and so swayed the minds of the peoples into some faint responsive harmony with their vision. What right have those to speak on the subject of true psychology who have not studied along the line of those who have attained and have wielded the powers which have transmuted the world? It is a great and possible power to heal the sick, to walk on the water, to penetrate the thoughts of others, to transport oneself through space, but these are little things beside the power of transmuting the thoughts of other men into an energy that shall possess the world with the realization of the universal as it truly is and of their place in it. And it is only along the path so very poorly indicated in these pages that this has been done, for this path, consciously or unconsciously, has been trodden by all the great world seers. And what interest can compare with it? Here is a source of energy almost untapped which connects up with every

form of force physical, mental, and spiritual which exists. To meet an objection which may be raised I will quote the remarks of a German observer, Carl Kellner. After comparing this Yoga with those of the hypnotic or dream states artificially induced, he says:

“It [Yoga] makes of its true disciples good, healthy and happy men. Through the mastery which the yogin attains over his thoughts and body he grows into a character. By the subjection of his impulses to his will and fixing the latter upon the ideal of goodness he becomes a personality hard to influence by others and thus almost the opposite of what we usually imagine a medium (so called) or psychic subject to be.”

I have given only a very brief synopsis in these chapters of an enormous subject. Those interested must study it in the ancient writings and trustworthy modern interpretations. Many are not trustworthy.

EPILOGUE

From "The Way of Power"

A SUMMATION by the author.

But there is one thing I should like to make clear.
The powers can be attained.

LOOKING back through these pages I realize from what very small beginnings, what a very humble and dubious observation of the "occult" I started and to what vast conclusions it led me. I do not for a moment say it would lead others in the same way, for every man has his own *dharma*, as it is called in India, his own right, wrong, physical, circumstantial, spiritual consciousness by which alone he can live in any full sense.

I have inclined to wonder whether it would have been better to write the whole thing as a finished statement rather than as creeping painfully from step to step of insight and revelation as I have done. But I decided against recasting it, for its gradual climb is more human and is as it truly befell and therefore possibly more helpful to others in these perplexities. I have not of course told all my personal experiences. That would not be possible. But there is one thing I should like to make very clear. The powers can be attained. Of that there can be no doubt. The faiths are largely based upon the fact that many

have attained them, and they bring great things in their train. But let it be remembered that those who have attained them set little value on the powers in themselves. *Realization* is what matters, not the power to startle or awe the multitude. Here we have all who have attained the higher consciousness, who have known the truth, in full agreement. The Buddha unfrocked a monk for exhibiting a "marvel" without due occasion and sternly discouraged such "show-off." A very much later teacher in India, when a disciple came with triumph to show him that he had in sixteen years acquired the power of walking on the water, replied:

"Why waste sixteen years in attaining what the ferryman can do for you for a penny?"

St. Paul points out that the powers such as speaking with tongues and others must vanish away, but that love (union) abides eternally. A great Indian saint said of these powers:

"They may have a certain use in establishing the truth of our statements; even a little glimpse gives faith that there is something beyond gross matter, but those who spend time on such things

run into great dangers. These are *frontier* questions. The boundary line is always shifting."

This was said by one who had practiced the sternest asceticism, who had frequently entered the state of ecstasy—who could so forget the body that it became perfectly insensitive.

Professor Radhakrishnan most truly says:

"The supernormal powers are really obstacles to *samadhi* [the higher form of consciousness]. They are by-products of the higher life. They are the flowers we pick on the road though the true seeker does not set out to gather them. He who falls a victim to the magical powers goes rapidly downward. Devotion to the Divine is one of the aids to Yoga."

These warnings are very necessary, for in India and elsewhere are instances of the degradation of this research into most repulsive and terrible practices and consequences. From these the original Yoga is pure. But, as in all mountain climbing, the heights have their perils. I could multiply instances of the teachings of the saints in all the faiths that the power to use the supernormal in this way matters nothing and may be dangerous unless in circumstances of

perfect understanding. What does matter is to understand, to know, to realize.

I think this cannot be too strongly dwelt upon.

I will end with another truth. In India the wisest have never talked of good and evil. They have talked of knowledge and ignorance. And those two words cover the whole realm of the "occult" and the whole of life, and may themselves be summed up and obliterated in the one word—

"REALIZATION"

For that is the key of the universe, and it sits above "good and evil."

I conclude with a quotation from Professor Radhakrishnan that offers the conclusion to which my own experiences and those of many others have led me.

"The normal limits of human vision are not the limits of the universe. There are other worlds than that which our senses reveal to us, other senses than those which we share with the lower animals, other forces than those of material nature. Most of us go through life with

eyes half shut and with dull minds and heavy hearts. It is good to know that the ancient thinkers required us to realize the possibilities of the soul in solitude and silence and to transform the flashing and fading moments of vision into a steady light which could illumine the long years of life."

This is the true Occult.